THE ERIE OBSERVER.

FORWARD.

VOLUME 19. SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 18, 1848. NUMBER 27.

Select Poetry and Miscellany.

STANZAS.

BY OLIVER W. HOLMES.

Strange! that one lightly whispered tone
Is far, far sweeter unto me,
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,
Or breathe along the sea;
But, lady, when thy voice I greet,
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

I look upon the fair blue skies,
And nought but empty air I see;
But when I turn me to thine eyes,
It seemeth unto me
Ten thousand angels spread their wings
Within those little azure things.

The lily hath the softest leaf
That ever western breeze hath fanned,
But thou shalt have the tender flower,
So I may take thy hand;
That little hand to me doth yield
More joy than all the broidered field

Oh, lady! there be many things,
That seem right fair, below, above;
But sure, not one among them all
Is half so sweet as love!
Let us not pay our vows alone,
But join two altars both in one.

THE BRIDE OF FATE.

A TALE OF VENICE.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS,

It was a glad day in Venice. The eve of the feast of the Purification had arrived, and all those maidens of the Republic, whose names had been written in the "Book of Gold," were assembled with their parents, their friends and lovers—a beautiful and joyious crowd—repairing, in the gondolas provided by the Republic, to the church of San Pietro de Castella, at Olivolo which was the residence of the Patriarch. This place was on the extreme verge of the city, a beautiful and isolated spot, its precincts almost without inhabitants, a ghostly and small priesthood excepted, whose grave habits and taciturn seclusion seemed to lend an additional aspect of solitude to the neighborhood. It was, indeed, a solitary and sad seeming region, which to the thoughtless and unmeditative, might be absolutely gloomy. But it was not the less lovely as a place suited equally for the picturesque and the thoughtful; and, just now, it was very far from gloomy or solitary. The event which was in hand was decreed to enliven it in especial degree, and, in its consequences, to impress its characteristics on the memory for long generations after. It was the day of St. Mary's Eve—a day set aside from immemorial time for a great and peculiar festival. All, accordingly, was life and joy in the sea Republic. The marriage of a goodly company of the high-born, the young and the beautiful, were to be celebrated on this occasion, and in public, according to the custom. Headed by the Doge himself, Pietro Candiano, the city sent forth its thousands. The ornamented gondolas plied busily from an early hour in the morning, from the city to Olivolo; and there amidst music and merry gratulations of friends and kindred the lovers disembarked. They were all clad in their richest array. Silks, which caught their colors from the rainbow, and jewels that had imbrated ocean in its caverns, their beauty from the sun and stars, met the eye in all directions. Wealth had put on all its riches; and beauty, always modest, was not satisfied with her intrinsic loveliness. All that could delight the eye, in personal decorations and nuptial ornaments, was displayed to the eager gaze of curiosity, and, for a moment, the treasures of the city were transplanted to the solitude and waste.

But gorgeous and grand as was the spectacle, and joyous as was the crowd, there were *some at the festival*; some young, throbbing hearts, who, though deeply interested in its proceedings, felt any thing but gladness.—While most of the betrothed thrilled only with rapturous anticipations that might have been counted in the strong pulsations that made the bosom heave rapidly beneath the close pressure of the virgin zone, there were yet others, who felt only that sad sinking of the heart which declares nothing but its hopelessness and desolation. There were victims to be sacrificed as well as virgins to be made happy, and girdled in by thousands of the brave and goodly—by golden images and flaunting banners, and speaking cymbals—by music and by *smiles*—there were more hearts than one that longed to escape from all and fly away to some far solitude, where the voices of such a joy as was now present could vex the defrauded soul no more. As the fair procession moved onward and up through the gorgeous avenues of the cathedral to the altar-place, where stood the venerable Patriarch in waiting for their coming, in order to begin the solemn but grateful rites, you might have marked, in the crowded column, the face of one meek damsel, which declared a heart very far removed from hope or joyful expectations. Is that tearful eye—is that pallied cheek—that lip, now so tremulously convulsed—are these proper to one going to a bridal, and that her own? Where is her anticipated joy? It is not in that despairing vacancy of face—not in that feeble, faltering, almost fainting footstep—not, certainly, in anything that we behold about the maiden, unless we seek it in the rich and flaming jewels with which she is decorated and almost laden down; and these no more declare for her emotions than the roses which encircle the neck of the white lamb, as it is led to the altar and the priest. The fate of the two is not unlike, and so also is their character. Francesca Ziana is decreed for a sacrifice. She was one of those sweet and winning, but feeble spirits which know how to submit only. She has no powers of resistance. She knows that she is a victim; she feels that her heart has been wronged even to the death, by the duty to which it is now commanded; she feels that it is thus made the cruel but unwilling instrument for doing a mortal wrong to the heart of another; but she lacks the courage to refuse, to resist, to die rather than submit.—Her nature only teaches her submission; and *this* is the language of the wo-begone, despairing glance—but one—which she bestows, in passing up the aisle, upon one who stands beside a column, close to her progress, in whose countenance she perceives a fearful struggle, marking equally his indignation and his grief.

Giovanni Gradenigo was one of the noblest cavaliers of Venice—but nobleness, as we know, is not always, perhaps not often, the credential in behalf of him who seeks a maiden from her parents. He certainly was not the choice of Francesca's sire. The poor girl was doomed to the embraces of one Ulric Barberigo, a man totally destitute of all nobility, that alone excepted which belonged to wealth. This shone in the eyes of Francesca's parents, but failed utterly to attract her own. She saw through the heart's simple, unsophisticated medium, the person of Giovanni Gradenigo only. Her sighs were given to him, her loathings to the other. Though meek and finally submissive, she did not yield without a remonstrance, without mingled tears and entreaties, which were fond and unavailing. The ally of a young damsel is naturally her mother, and when she fails her, her best human hope is lost. Alas! for the poor Francesca! it was her mother's weakness, blinded by the wealth of Ulric Barberigo, that rendered the father's will so stubborn. It was the erring mother that wilfully beheld her daughter led to the sacrifice, *giving no heed to the heart which was breaking*, even beneath its heavy weight of jewels. How completely that mournful and desponding, that entreating and appealing glance to her indignant lover, told her wretched history. There he stood, stern as well as sad, leaning, as if for suppport, upon the arm of his kinsman, Nicolo Malapiero. Hopeless, helpless, and in utter despair, he thus lingered, as if under a strange and fearful fascination, watching the progress of the proceedings which were striking fatally, with every movement, upon the sources of his own hope and happiness. His resolution rose with his desperation, and he suddenly shook himself free from his friend.

"I will not bear this, Nicolo," he exclaimed, "I must not suffer it without another effort, though it be the last."

"What would you do, Giovanni," demanded his kinsman, grasping him by the wrist as he spoke, and arresting his movement.

"Shall I see her thus sacrificed—delivered to misery and the grave! Never! they shall not so lord it over true affections to their loss and mine. Francesca was mine—is mine—even now, in the very sight of Heaven. How often hath she vowed it! Her glance avows it now.—My lips shall as boldly declare it again; and as Heaven has heard our vows the church shall hear them. The Patriarch shall hear. Hearts must not be wronged—Heaven must not be thus defrauded. That selfish, vain woman, her mother—that mercenary monster, miscalled her father, have no better rights than mine—none half so good. They shall hear me. Stand by me, Nicolo, while I speak!"

This was the language of a passion, which, however true, was equally unmeasured and imprudent. The friend of the unhappy lover would have held him back.

"It is all in vain, Giovanni! Think! my friend, you can do nothing now. It is too late; nor is there any power to prevent this consummation. Their names have been long since written on the 'Book of Gold,' and the Doge himself may not alter the destiny!"

"The Book of Gold!" exclaimed the other. "Ay, the 'bride of Gold!' but we shall see!"—and he again started forward. His kinsman clung to him.

"Better that we leave this place, Giovanni. It was wrong that you should come. You will only commit some folly to remain."

"Ay! it is folly to be wronged, and to submit to it, I know: folly to have felt and still to feel: folly surely, to discover, and to live after the discovery, that the very crown that made life precious is lost to you forever!—What matter if I should commit this folly! Well, indeed, if they who laugh at the fool, taste none of the wrath that they provoke."

"This is sheer madness, Giovanni."

"Release me Nicolo."

The kinsman urged in vain. The dialogue, which was carried on in under tones, now enforced by animated action, began to attract attention. The procession was moving forward. The high anthem began to swell, and Giovanni, wrought to the highest pitch of frenzy by the progress of events, and by the opposition of Nicolo, now broke away from all restraint, and hurried through the crowd. The circle dense and deep, had already gathered closely about the alter-place, to behold the ceremony. The desperate youth made his way through it. The crowd gave way at his approach, and under the decisive pressure of his person. They knew his mournful history—for when does the history of love's denial and defeat fail to find its way to the world's curious hearing. Giovanni was beloved in Venice. Such a history as his and Francesca's was sure to beget sympathy, particularly with all those who could find no rich lovers for themselves or daughters, such as Ulric Barberigo. The fate of the youthful lovers drew all eyes upon the two. A fearful interest in the event began to prevade the assembly, and Giovanni really found no such difficulty as would have attended the efforts of any other person to approach the sacred centre of the bridal circle. He made his way directly for the spot where Francesca stood. She felt his approach and presence by the most natural instincts, though without daring to lift her eye to his person. A more deadly paleness than ever came over her, and as she heard the first sounds of his voice, she faltered and grasped a column for support. The Patriarch, startled by the sounds of confusion, rose from the sacred cushions, and spread his hands over the assembly for silence; but as yet he failed to conceive the occasion for commotion. Meanwhile, the parents and relatives of Francesca had gathered around her person, as if to guard her from an enemy. Ulric Barberigo, the millionaire, put on the aspect of a man whose word was law on change. He, too, had his retainers, all looking daggers at the intruder. Fortunately for Giovanni, they were permitted to wear none at these peaceful ceremonials. Their looks of wrath did not discourage the approach of our lover. He did not seem, indeed, to see them, but gently putting them by, he drew near to the scarcely conscious maiden. He lifted the almost lifeless hand from her side, and pressing it within both his own, a proceeding which her mother vainly endeavored to prevent, he addressed the maiden with all that impressiveness of tone which declares a stifled but still present and passionate emotion in the heart. His words were of a touching sorrow.

"And is it thus, my Francesca, that I must look upon thee for the last time? Henceforth are we to be dead to one another? Is it thus that I am to hear that, forgetful of thy virgin vows to Gradenigo, thou art here calling Heaven to witness that thou givest thyself and affections to another?"

"Not willingly, Oh! not willingly, Giovanni, as I live! I have not forgotten—alas! I cannot forget that I have once vowed myself to thee. But I pray thee to forget, Giovanni. Forget me and forgive—forgive!"

Oh! how mournfully was this response delivered.—There was a dead silence through the assembly; a silence which imposed a similar restraint even upon the parents of the maiden, who had shown a desire to arrest the speaker. They had appeared to the Patriarch, but the venerable man was wise enough to perceive that this was the last open expression of a passion which must have its utterance in some form, and if not this, must result in greater mischief. His decision tacitly sanctioned the interview as we have witnessed. It was with increased faltering, which to the bystanders seemed almost fainting, that the unhappy Francesca thus responded to her lover. Her words were little more than whispers, and his tones, though deep, were very low and subdued, as if spoken while the teeth were shut. There was that in the scene which brought forward the crowd in breathless anxiety to hear, and the proud heart of the damsel's mother revolted at an exhibition in which her position was by no means a grateful one. She would have wrested, even by violence, the hand of her daughter from the grasp of Giovanni; but he retained it firmly, the maiden herself being scarcely conscious that he did so. His eye was sternly fixed upon the mother, as he drew Francesca toward himself. His words followed his looks:

"Have you not enough triumphed, lady, in thus bringing about your cruel purpose, to the sacrifice of two hearts—your child's no less than mine. Mine was nothing to you—But hers! what had she done that you should trample upon hers? This hast thou done! Thou hast triumphed! What would'st thou more? Must she be denied the mournful privilege of saying her last parting with him to whom she vowed herself, ere she vows herself to another! For shame, lady; this is a two-fold and needless tyranny!"

As he spoke, the more gentle and sympathyzing spirits around looked upon the stern mother with faces of the keenest rebuke and indignation. Giovanni once more addressed himself to the maiden.

"And if you do not love this man, my Francesca, why do you so weakly guide to his solicitatings! Why submit to this sacrifice at any instance? Have they strength to subdue thee?—has he the heart to ensnare thee?—canst thou not declare thy affections with a will? What magic is it that they employ which is thus superior to that of love?—and what is thy right—if heedless of the affections of thy heart—to demand the sacrifice of mine? Thou hadst it in thy keeping, Francesca, as I fondly fancied I had thine!"

"Thou hadst—thou hast!—

"Francesca, my child!" was the expostulating exclamation of the mother; but it failed, except for a single instant, to arrest the passionate answer of the maiden.

"Hear me and pity, Giovanni, if you may not forgive! Blame me for infirmity—for the wretched weakness which has brought me to this defeat of thy heart—this desolation of mine—but do not doubt that I have loved thee—that I shall ever—"

"Stay!" commanded the imperious father.

"What is it thou wouldst say, Francesca? Beware!" was the stern language of the mother.

The poor girl shrunk back in trembling. The brief impulse of courage which the address of her lover, and the evident sympathy of the crowd, had imparted, was gone as suddenly as it came. She had no more strength for the struggle; and as she sunk back nerveless, and closed her eyes as if fainting under the terrible glances of both her parents, Giovanni dropped her hand from his grasp. It now lay lifeless by her side, and she was sustained from falling by some of her sympatizing companions. The eyes of the youth were bent upon her with a last look.

"It is all over then," he exclaimed. "Thy hope, unhappy maiden, like mine, must perish because of thy weakness. Yet there will be bitter memories for this," he exclaimed, and his eyes now sought the mother—"bitter, bitter memories!—Francesca farewell! Be happy if thou canst!",

She rushed toward him as he moved away, recovering all her strength for this one effort. A single and broken sentence—"Forgive me, O, forgive!"—escaped her lips, as she sunk senseless upon the floor. He would have raised her, but they did not suffer him.

"Is this not enough, Giovanni?" said his friend reproachfully. "Seest thou not that thy presence but distracts her?"

"Thou art right, Nicolo, let us go. I am myself choking—undo me this collar!—There! Let us depart."

The organ rolled its anthem—a thousand voices joined in the hymn to the Virgin, and as the sweet but painful sounds rushed to the senses of the youth, he darted thro' the crowd, closely followed by his friend. The music seemed to pursue him with mockery. He rushed headlong from the temple, as if seeking escape from some suffocating atmosphere in the pure breezes of Heaven, and hurried forward with confused and purposeless footsteps. The moment of his disappearance was marked by the partial recovery of Francesca. She unclosed her eyes, raised her head, and looked wildly round her. Her lips once more murmured his name.

"Giovanni!"

"*He is gone*," was the sympathizing answer from more than one lip in the assembly; and once more she relapsed into unconsciousness.

CHAPTER II.

Giovanni Gradenigo was scarcely more conscious than the maiden when he left. He needed all the guidance of his friend.

"Whither?" asked Nicolo Malapiero.

"What matter! where thou wilt," was the reply.

"For the city then," and his friend conducted him to the gondola which was appointed to await them. In the profoundest silence they glided toward the city. The gondola stopped before the dwelling of Nicolo, and he, taking the arm of the sullen Giovanni within his own, ascended the marble steps, and was about to enter, when a shrill voice challenged their attention by naming Giovanni.

"How now signor," said the stranger. "Is it thou? Wherefore hast thou left Olivolo? Why didst thou not wait the bridal."

The speaker was a strange, dark-looking woman, in coarse woolen garments. She hobbled as she walked, assisted by a heavy staff, and seeming to suffer equally from lameness and from age. Her thin depressed lips, that ever sunk as she spoke into the cavity of the mouth, which, in the process of time, had been denuded of nearly all its teeth; her yellow wrinkled visage, and thin gray hairs, that escaped from the close black cap which covered her head, declared the precence of very great age. But her eye shone still with something even more lively and impressive than a youthful fire. It had a sort of spiritual intensity. Nothing, indeed, could have been more brilliant, or, seemingly more unnatural. But hers was a nature of which we may not judge by common laws. She was no common woman, and her whole life was characterized by mystery. She was known in Venice as the "Spanish Gipsy;" was supposed to be secretly a Jewess, and had only escaped from being punished as a sorceress by her profound and most exemplary public devotions. But she was known, nevertheless, as an enchantress, a magician, a prophetess; and her palmistry, her magic, her symbols, signs and talismans, were all held in great repute by the superstitions and the youthful of the ocean city. Giovanni Gradenigo himself obeying the popular custom, had consulted her; and now, as he heard her voice, he raised his eyes, and started forward with the impulse of one who suddenly darts from under the gliding knife of the assassin. Before Nicolo could interfere, he had leaped down the steps, and darted to the quay from which the old woman was about to step into a gondola. She awaited his coming with a smile of peculiar meaning, as she repeated her inquiry:

"Why are not you at Olivolo?"

He answered the question by another, grasping her wrist violently as he spoke.

"Did you not promise that she should wed with me—that she should be mine—mine only?"

"Well!" she answered calmly, without struggling or seeking to extricate her arm from the strong hold which he had taken upon it.

"*Well! the rites are now in progress* which bind her to Ulric Barberigo!"

"She will never wed Ulric Barberigo," was the quiet answer. "Why left you Olivolo?" she continued.

"Could I remain and look upon these hated nuptials—could I be patient and see her driven like a sheep to the sacrifice? I fled from the spectacle, as if the knife of the butcher were already in my own heart."

"You were wrong; but the fates have spoken, and their decrees are unchangeable. I tell you I have seen your bridal with Francesco Ziani. No Ulric weds that maiden. She is reserved for you alone. You alone will interchange with her the final vows before the man of God. But hasten, that this may find early consummation. I have seen other things! Hasten—but hasten not alone, nor without your armor! A sudden and terrible danger hangs over San Pietro di Castella, and all within its walls. Gather your friends, gather your retainers. Put on the weapons of war and fly thither with all your speed. I see a terrible vision, even now, of blood and struggle! I behold terrors that frighten even me!—Your friend is a man of arms. Let your war galleys be put forth, and bid them steer for the Lagune of Caorlo. There will you win Francesco, and thenceforth shall you wear her—you only—so long as it may be allowed you to wear any human joy!"

Her voice, look, manner, sudden energy, and the wild fire of her eyes, awakened Giovanni to his fullest consciousness. His friend drew nigh—they would have conferred together, but the woman interrupted them.

"You would deliberate," said she, "but you have no time! What is to be done must be done quickly. It seems wild to you, and strange, and idle, what I tell you, but it is nevertheless true; and if you heed me not now, bitter will be your repentance hereafter. You, Giovanni, will depart at least. Heed not your friend—he is too cold to be successful. He will always be safe, and do well, but he will do nothing further. Away! if you can but gather a dozen friends and man a single galley, you will be in season. But the time is short. I hear a fearful cry—the cry of women—and the feeble shriek of Francesca Ziani is among the voices of those who wail with a new terror! I see their struggling forms, and floating garments, and disheveled hair! Fly, young men, lest the names of those whom Venice has written in her Book of Gold, shall henceforth be written in a Book of Blood!"

The reputation of the sybil was too great in Venice to allow her wild predictions to be laughed at. Besides, our young Venetians—Nicolo no less than Giovanni, in spite of what the woman had spoken touching his lack of enthusiasm—were both aroused and eagerly excited by her speech. Her person dilated as she spoke—her voice seemed to come up from a fearful depth, and went thrillingly deep into the souls of the hearers. They were carried from their feet by her predictions. They prepared to obey her counsels. Soon had they gathered their friends together, enough to man three of the fastest galleys of the city. Their prows were turned at once toward the Lagune of Caorlo, whither the woman had directed them. She, meanwhile, had disappeared, but the course of her gondola lay for Olivolo.

CHAPTER III.

It will be necessary that we should go back in our narrative but a single week before the occurrence of these events. Let us penetrate the dim and lonesome abode on the confines of the "Jewish Quarter," but not within it, where the "Spanish Gipsy" delivered her predictions. It is midnight, and still she sits over her incantations.—There are vessels of uncouth shape and unknown character before her. Huge braziers lie convenient, on one of which, amidst a few coals, a feeble flame may be seen to struggle. The atmosphere is impregnated with a strong but not ungrateful perfume, and through its vapors objects appear with some indistinctness. A circular plate of brass or copper—it could not well be any more precious metal—rests beneath the eye and finger of the woman. It is covered with strange and mystic characters, which she seems busily to explore, as if they had a real significance in her mind. She evidently united the highest departments of her art with its humblest offices; and possessed those nobler aspirations of the soul, which during the middle ages, elevated in considerable degree the professors of necromancy. But our purpose is not now to determine her pretensions. We have but to exhibit and to ascertain a small specimen of her skill in the vulgar business of fortune-telling—an art which will continue to be received among men, to a greater or less extent, so long as they shall possess a hope which they cannot gratify, and feel a superstition which they cannot explain. Our gipsy expects a visitor. She hears his knock. The door opens at her bidding and a stranger makes his appearance. He is a tall and well made man, of stern and gloomy countenance, which is half concealed beneath the raised foldings of his cloak.—His beard, of unusual length, is seen to stream down eagerly and anxiously bright. But for a certain repelling something in his glance, he might be considered a very handsome man—perhaps by many persons he was thot so. He advanced with an air of dignity and power.—His deportment and manner—and when he spoke, his voice—all seemed to denote a person accustomed to command. The woman did not look up as he approached—on the contrary she seemed more intent than ever in the examination of the strange characters before her. But a curious spectator might have seen that a corner of her eye, bright with an intelligence that looked more like cunning than wisdom, was suffered to take in all of the face and person on the visitor that his muffling costume permitted to be seen.—*Concluded next week.*

A WORD TO THE LADIES.—Is not much of the folly and dissipation of the times chargeable to the ladies? Do they not give their sweet smiles and their pleasant voices to those who dress the best and are most extravagant?—Will a lady be so particular as to stop in the street and talk with a mechanic as she will to a well dressed gentleman?—*pauper*, we were about to say. We can point to many a woman, who gave her heart and hand to a mealy-mouthed, delicate-skinned, oily-haired, fashionable young man, who has bitterly rued the day of her choice. A man who has but little business, except to curl his hair, consult the tailor, and talk insipidly, is not fit for a husband—we care not how much money he may count. So long as young women are so unwise as to smile on such, there will be folly and dissipation among our young men. Ladies should be wise and consult their duty and future happiness. Lady, will you not reflect upon this subject? Will you not pursue a course, in regard to choosing your partner through life, that will be the means of your future happiness and blessedness, instead of choosing one who will be the means of your troubles, and who will, perhaps, be the cause of bringing you to an early grave with a troubled brow and a broken heart? We say this for your benefit—reflect, and be wise.

GROANING AND CRYING.—A French surgeon lately published a long dissertation on the beneficial influence of groaning and crying on the nervous system. He contends that *groaning* and *crying* are the two grand operations by which Nature allays anguish, and that he has uniformly observed that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it is unworthy a man to betray such *symptoms of cowardice* as either to groan or to cry. He is always pleased by the *crying* and violent roaring of a patient during the time he is undergoing a sever surgical operation, because he is satisfied that he will thereby so sooth his nervous system as to prevent fever, and ensure a favorable termination. From the benefit hysterical and other patients (nervous) derive *from groaning and crying*, he supposes that by these processes of Nature the superabundant nervous power is exhausted, and that the nervous system is in consequence rendered calm and even, the circulation of the blood greatly diminished. He relates a case of a man who by crying and bawling reduced his pulse from 120 to 60 in the course of two hours That some patients often have a great satisfaction in groaning, and that hysterical patients often experience great relief from crying, are facts which no person will deny. As to restless, hypochondriacal subjects, or those who are never happy but when they are under some course of medical or dietetic treatment, the French *surgeon assures* them that they cannot do better than groan all night and cry all day. By following this rule, and observing an abstemious diet, a person will effectual escape disease, and may prolong life to an incredible extent.

☞ Coleridge tells a story of meeting a stranger whose silence, during dinner-time, and his attention to what others said, without interrupting them, gave him a favorable impression of his understanding; till, unfortunately, on the appearance of some apple-dumplings toward the close of the repast, the delusion was dissipated by the stranger suddenly exclaiming—"Them's the jockies for me!"

Leaves from a Scrap-Book—No. 1.

TO A NOVITIATE.

Young heart without a stain!
Why 'mid the convent's melancholy gloom,
Wilt thou, forgetful of the world, again
Thy blessed wealth entomb?
It is no fitting place
For one to whom so much of worth is given
And dark-eyed beauty, and the winning grace
Of thoughts which tell of Heaven.

Ye, o'er whom virtues spell
Has been a thread of gossamer—a hair—
Whose haunted breast remorse has made a hell,
Ruled by the fiend despair.
Ye, who have felt the frown
Of disappointment blight what promise gave,
Have seen the last, best bosom friend go down
Unto the voiceless grave.

Ye, in whose future sky
No cheering star of kindly hope appears:
Along whose desert path the streams are dry,
Save those, alas! of tears—
Fly from the world apart
To mercy's shrine—the habitance of prayer,
And, with a humble and repentant heart
Seek rest and refuge there.

But thou whose buried years
No shade of guilt, no spectre-thought attends,
With every charm that virtue's smile endears,
Glad home and circling friends—
Why court the cloistered shade
Where undeplored, love's richest blossoms fall?
Thou, whose bright spirit was in kindness made
To grace the courtly hall!

Are thy heart's wounds so sore,
So deeply laid, so fully fraught with harm,
That hope hath not within her healthful store
For them a healing balm?
And Heaven-born Hope replies
"Child of the stricken soul, believe it not:
I have a solace for its deepest sighs,
Peace for its darkest lot.

"Though clouds are o'er thee now,
And down thy pale cheek unbidden steal
Gushes of secret tears, and on thy brow
Stern care hath set his seal
Clear skies shall yet be thine,
Serene and bright as beamed in Eden's bowers
And chastened joys from feeling's holiest shrine,
Shall cheer thy coming hours.

"Sweet words from friendship's tongue
Shall round thy heart like seraph-music play,
And many a flower from pure affection sprung,
Breathe fragrance on thy way.
And many a beacon light
Far o'er thy path shall cheering dawn,
And guardian ministers, by day and night,
Shall lead thee on."

O, then, fair futured maid,
Wilt thou not list affection's pleaded prayer?
And seek not the convent's withering shade
Peace, vainly sought for there!
Stay, for the social hearth,
The festal hall, where woman's charms regale;
She that hath smiles to make a Heaven of earth,
Should wear no shrouding veil!

WISCONSIN—GERMANS—MILWAUKIE.

We copy the following from the letter of a correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser.

No person who is not familiar with the landing of immigrants in New York is prepared to form an idea of the Wisconsin. Not a boat comes up the lakes without bringing scores of them, while many bring hundreds. I have observed these immigrants at every stage of their progress from the quarantine at Staten Island, to the far West, but their landing on the shores of Wisconsin is the *most interesting scene* of all. Hitherto they seemed the subject of "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick." They had come to America, indeed, but even here they had to run the gauntlet of more than a thousand miles, with sharpers and rogues on either hand, ready to take advantage of their ignorance or their necessities. Now at last they had reached the far-off land of their adoption, and their luggage was to be thrown ashore for the last time. What satisfaction reigned in the countenances of young and old, but especially of the young! Nothing could exceed the innocent mirthfulness of a load of these urchins, hatless and shoeless, mounted upon a grotesque load of chests, bundles, and furniture, starting off for their forest home. A few months ago they were the children of oppression, and the tools of European despotism. Now they are numbered among the sovereign people of America, and forever escaped from the sway of a tyrant. With their artless but foreign accents they seem to be shouting hurrah to

"The land of the brave, and the home of the free."

Milwaukie is literally filled with Germans, whole sections of the town seeming to have no other inhabitants, while the vicinity contains a large proportion of the same class of people.

This city is twelve years old, and its population is now estimated at 14 to 15,000. Thirteen years since it was only inhabited by a French and Indian trader, who, contrary to the usual course of persons of that class, now remains a citizen of the town that has grown up under his eyes. This person, Mons. Junot, purchased at an early day the whole tract of land lying east of the river and extending to the lake shore. The tract west of the river was purchased by a gentleman from Ohio. An active competition sprang up between these persons and their several friends on opposite sides of the river, and to some extent it still prevails, each side claiming the ascendancy and advantage, and each passing by the local cognomen of its principal patron.

Junottown is located upon a lofty and commanding bluff, with but one good business street along the margin of the river. Kilbourntown occupies the rich bottom lands on the western bank of the river, and is better adapted to all mechanical purposes. Junottown rejoices in the finest stores, residences, gardens and prospects; Kilbourntown in its iron foundries, its mills and its water power; and its high bluffs at a distance around are beginning to be surmounted with elegant buildings.—Doubtless the internal rivalry of these two section of the city has contributed to its growth and expansion as a whole. Rapid as its growth has been, Milwaukie is probably destined to grow still faster in future. It is the principal port and market place of Eastern Wisconsin, and as such it must have immense, and, for a long time to come, increasing trade. It would doubtless improve faster were a portion of its surrounding country prairie, instead of being heavily timbered. Perhaps, however, its permanent prosperity will be quite as well secured in its present circumstances. A goodly number of churches adorn the place, and from my observation, I should judge that a fair proportion of the people reverence and honor the Sabbath day. I noticed, however, flagrant exceptions to the general good conduct in this respect.—Drinking and gambling in certain public places were remarkably prominent and unblushing, while the loud music of a recruiting party in the midst of the city beckoned but little respect for the inhabitants who desired to keep the Sabbath day holy.

☞ Sambo, why is a *chimley* sweep one ob de happiest men alibe!" "I 'spose—kase he knows de joys ob de *fire-side!*" "No, dat aint it. Do you gub it up!" "Sartin Jake, sartin!" "Well, den, kase he's easily suited (sooted)."

A FACT.—Somebody says, "blessed are they that do not advertise, for they shall rarely be troubled with customers."

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

Despise not the day of small things. This sentence *contains wisdom and philosophy, as well as scripture.* It is very easy and natural to sneer at small beginnings and humble means, but it is not always wise to do so. It is better to commence on an humble scale, and come out in good style at last, than to suffer a severe colapse after an extensive and ridiculous flourish. Some men will do better with a capital of a sixpence, than they would if half the fortune of Astor had been given them to commence with. We have heard it told of a man worth his millions, that he commenced by selling fruit at a street stall. We have seen boys at school roll a handful of snow upon the ground, till, by its accumulated matter, it became so bulky that a dozen could scarcely move it.—Sands make the mountains, moments make the year, drops make the ocean; and so, little endeavors, earnestly, unceasingly and honestly put forth, make the great men in the world's history.

We say, then, do n't despise the day of small things. If you have an undertaking to accomplish, a good thing to bring about, begin according to your means, and never be discouraged because you cannot make so magnificent a commencement as you could wish. Old King John, the Frenchman, five hundred years ago, took it into his head to found a library; and he began with—what do *you suppose!—ten volumes.* But he knew what he was about: for that library—the Royal Library of Paris—is now the most magnificent public Library in the world, and contains 700,000 volumes.

A whale one day came frolicking into the harbor of Nantucket, a short time after the first settlement of that Island, and as for many hours it continued there, the enterprising inhabitants were induced to contrive and prepare a large barbed iron with a strong cord attached, with which they finally succeeded in securing this aquatic monster. A small matter, truly; but it was the commencement of a business which has added millions to *the wealth of the people—the incipient introduction to* an enterprise which nearly three-quarters of a century ago extorted a noble tribute of admiration from Edmund Burke, on the floor of the British Barliament.

Two fishermen in Holland once had a dispute in a tavern, on the question whether the fish takes the hook, or the hook takes the fish. From this trivial circumstance arose two opposing parties, the "Hooks," and the "Cobble-Joints," who for two centuries divided the nation, and maintained a contest not unlike that between the red and white roses of England.

There is a traditionary counterpart to this in our own history. We allude to the story of *the pig, whose stupid* obstinacy, we are gravely told, involved us in a war with Great Britain, in 1812—There is nothing incredible about it, however, and, as most of our readers are too young to recollect the anecdote, we will venture to repeat it "Two *neighbors, both of the old federal school of* politics, who had lived in the city of Providence, chanced to quarrel. And so it happened, one was the owner or a pig, who had an irresistible inclination to perambulate in the garden of the next neighbor. The owner of the garden complained of the pig-sty being insufficient to restrain the pig, and the neighbor replied, it was all because he kept his fences in such ill repair. The pig was taking his morning walk when he was surprised in the act of rooting up some very valuable bulbous roots; this was the last "feather:" the owner of the garden put a pitchfork into his tender sides, and killed him outright.—A candidate for a seat in the legislature, and failed by one vote, the vote of his incensed neighbor, who voted against him. At the election of a Senator, the Democratic candidate was elected by one vote—and when the question of war with England was before the Senate, it was declared by the majority of one vote—so that but for this pig we should have been probably saved from this war."

It is related of Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor, that when a boy, he was one day observed by a gentleman in the neighborhood of Sheffield, very earnestly engaged in cutting a stick with a penknife. He asked the lad what he was doing; and with great simplicity the boy replied, "I am cutting old Fox's head." Fox was the schoolmaster of the village. On this, the gentleman asking to see what he had done, and pronouncing it to be an excellent likeness, presented the youth with a sixpence.—This may be reckoned as the first money Chantrey ever received for the production of his art; and from such a beginning it was that arose this greatest of modern artists.

Again we say, despise not small beginnings, nor look with supercilious contempt upon every thing which appears insignificant and trifling. Trifles are not so plenty in this world as many of us imagine. A philosopher has observed that wars, involving mischief to great nations, have arisen from a ministerial despatch being written in a fit of indigestion! When Alexander Pope received his present of Turkey figs, he little thought that a twig from the basket was to be the means of introducing the weeping willow into England and America. So is this world made up of and governed by trifles, at first too small to attract notice; and the wise man will not only cultivate sharp eyes, but attentive habits, making the most and the best of every thing, and despising nothing small, but small souls.—*National Library.*

A DIVING "BELLE."—A funny incident happened a *few days since on the railroad between Boston and Law*rence, Mass. A substantial wholsome looking Irish lady, was so intent in her gossip with a friend in the cars, just as they were starting from Lawrence, that she did not wake up to the reality until she was making a course for Boston at a twenty mile speed. The instant she perceived this she rushed for the door. Conductor Billings, a very gallant man, and exceedingly tender of woman kind, started to stop her, and arrived at the platform just as the affrighted woman made her leap. Luckily the cars were upon the canal bridge; and as she shot out the speed of the train turned her over in the neatest of all possible somersets, and then down she went, straight as a meal bag, bonnet first, into the canal. The dive was beautiful, and as she arose, puffing with fright, a board was thrown to her, and she soon found herself dripping like a fat nanid, upon dry land, unharmed, but a good deal scared, as well she might be! The next night she went up in the cars, looking as nice as a sunflower, and calm as a summer morning. Great doubt has been expressed as to the probable result of the tussle, had the gallant conductor succeeded in clasping her before the leap was made.

WHAT MAY BE BOUGHT FOR £5 IN ENGLAND.—If you are a married man, you may buy these luxuries for the sum of £5:—You may with your clenched fists beat your wife until her eyes shall be "dreadfully bruised and swollen."—You may "take the bellows from her hand," and with them "strike her several blows upon the head," until she falls "senseless on the floor."—You may further kick and beat her "while she is down." These things—free and enlightened Englishmen, blessed with laws that make you the envy of surrounding nations—these things you may do, if you have £5!

"But how"—you ask—"if I have not £5?" Why, then, inhuman pauper—hard-hearted outcast—penniless miscreant—why, then, in default of payment of £5, you shall taste the bitterness of captivity and oakum-picking *for two* statute months! For an illustration of this ennobling legal truth, see Marylebone Police Report, in the case of Michael Gore, late of 25 Orchard-Place, now on a two months' visit to *Colonel* Chesterton, at the House of Correction. Michael Gore is punished—not, in very truth, for beating his wife—but for not having £5 to pay for it. Is not this the highest triumph of property?

Miscellany, Politics and News.

HUNGARY.

Correspondence of the Newark Daily Advertiser.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE, Oct. 15, 1848.

As Hungary at this moment draws a large portion of the world's attention, it may not be amiss to glance at its history, to see when, and in what manner, it came under the Austrian scepter, and what are its present claims to independence.

If we look at the map of Europe as it existed before the destruction of the Western Roman Empire, we shall observe that all that part of present Hungary south of the Danube was included in the Pannonia, while north of the river was still in the exclusive possession of those fierce tribes, that about the end of the fourth century, burst from their forests and tore in pieces the dominions of the Cæsars.—About a hundred years later, towards the close of the fifth century, the whole of this country was in possession of the Lombards, except a very small portion on each side of the Drave, which was held by the Ostrogoths, and still bore the name of Pannonia. In 568, the Lombards, who had previously come from the banks of the Elbe in Northern Germany, quit their new settlement on the Danube, attracted by the richer lands of Italy, the north of which they secured permanently, giving it the name of Lombardy, which it bears at the present day.—The departure of the Lombards from this region was succeeded by the arrival of various Sclavonic tribes, who established themselves in the countries now bearing the name of Hungary, Sclavonia or Esclavonia, Servia, Dalmatia, and other bordering territories; all, however, dominated till the time of Charlemagne, by the Avars, a powerful Asiatic people, (commonly confounded with the Hunns,) who were allies of the Lombards, and to whom the latter had ceded their possessions on parting for Italy. Charlemagne overthrew completely the kingdom of the Avars, and the different countries above mentioned then became tributary to the empire of the Franks, under different Sclavonic princes. At early as this time we encounter the Ban applied to the governors of Croatia, the title at the present day of the famous Jellachich.

At the death of the great Charlemagne, and the consequent dismemberment of the empire, and confusion which followed, the Sclavonic princes of the Danube gained their independence, which they retained till the appearance on the scene of the Hungarians, which was near the end of the ninth century, simultaneous with that of the Normans in France. They came it is supposed from the borders of the Black Sea, though their original home was the Northern part of Asia, along the sides of the Ural mountains. They are of the same race as the Finns of Finland, and their language proves them closely allied in origin with the Turks.

For half a century after their appearance, the Hungarians were the terror of Europe. Not only did they subjugate the countries on the Danube and the Drave, which are at the present day under their dominion, but they even rendered tributary the greater part of the German empire. France and Italy were not exempt from their terrible incursions. But their victorious course was finally arrested by the German emperor, Henry 1st, who defeated them in a great battle near Mersebourg in 933. The advantage was followed up by the Germans, till in 1043 we find the Hungarian dominion reduced within the limits of Hungary proper to the present day. About the year 1100 it was again expanded by the conquest of Bosna, Dalmatia, Servia, Esclavonia and Croatia, the three latter of which have adhered ever since with little interruption, till the rising of the present rebellion under the Ban Jellachich.

The character of the Hungarians on their first appearance was very similar to that of the Huns, who about four centuries before devasted Italy under the ferocious Attilla. This similarity was owing doubtless to a common Asiatic origin. They were both alike idolators in religion, most barbarous in laws and manners, of warlike and roving habits.—The Hungarians are described, even in the twelfth century, after their conversion to Christianity, as yet living chiefly in tents. In 1521 the crown fell into the hands of Austria by marriage and there has remained ever since.

While the Nobility have enjoyed perhaps greater freedom in Hungary than in almost any other European monarchy, the middle classes, the inhabitants of the towns, have had little or no share in the National Diets, forming a lower chamber very similar to the British House of Commons. This lower chamber has gradually grown in importance till at the present day it may be said to hold in its hands the destiny of Hungary. The republican Rossuth who is now the most poular man in that country, is its most distinguished member, so that if Austria should be defeated in the present struggle, it is not the most improbable thing in the world that a republic will there be established.

The first possession of the Hungarian crown by the House of Austria, was not acquired by the free consent of the nation in accordance with the constitution and custom of the cotnry. At the death of Louis 2d in 1526, the vacant throne was claimed by Ferdinand 1st, of Austria, on the ground of his marriage with a Hungarian princess, but the Hungarians elected in opposition to him John of Zapolya, count of Zips, and palatine of Transylvania. This gave rise to a war which the latter called in the aid of the Turk who carried their victorious arms beneath the very walls of Vienna; but being there finally defeated, the Hungarians, left to themselves, concluded a treaty by which Ferdinand was to succeed Zapolya.

This monarch, however, on his death, left a son who was proclaimed king, and the Turks were again appealed to. But this time the unfortunate Hungarians found the Turks greater enemies than the Austrians. They seized on their own account of the greater part of the kingdom, leaving the rest to Ferdinand, who consented to pay them for it an annual tribute. The Austrian emperors succeeded subsequently in driving out the Turks, in consideration of which they required Hungary to make them the crown hereditary, which was done in 1687.—Thus the wars between Austria and Turkey, which were provoked by Austria herself, in claiming unjustly the crown of Hungary, were made the pretext by her for still farther violating the rights of that country.

Laying aside the circumstances attending the acquisition by the Austrian Emperor of the Hungarian crown, and admitting they came by it in a perfectly legitimate way, this could not change, but rather aggravate the question at present at issue between the Austrian Emperor and Hungary. If the Emperor be the legitimate king of Hungary, so much worse than if his conduct be barbarous to his subjects. The question is not between Austria and Hungary, not indeed properly between the Emperor of Austria and Hungary, but between the king of Hungary and the nation of Hungary. There has never been any political union between the two countries, nor has Hungary ever acknowledged its sovereign as Emperor of Austria. Hungary has always had its separate Diet, entirely distinct from the Legislature of Austria. As far indeed as the important parts of executive power are concerned Hungary has been really governed as an integral part of Austria, that which the former has always struggled against, and which it succeeded in March last in destroying by obtaining its own responsible ministry. The Emperor then became in his relations with Hungary, the sovereign of the country, altogether independent of his dignity as Emperor of Austria. As such and no other the Hungarians are willing to acknowledge him. It will be seen from this with what reason the Hungarian Diet required the presence of their monarch in Hungary to aid in settling the difficulties of the country.

The events of March last having obliged the Emperor to give his Hungarian subjects the rights which they had previously contended for in vain, the Croatian affair has afforded him the opportunity of showing his real disposition. Without examining the cause of the Croats, which doubtless is to a certain extent very just, it is sufficient that the Emperor made it only the pretext for attempting to carry out his own re-actionary designs. If he considered the Croats in the right in rising for her independence, it would have been an easy matter had he interfered at the outset, to have settled the matter. But no, he secretly stimulates the Croats to invade Hungary, supplying them with money and war stores, and making everything work in their favor. The Croats in Italy he causes to be sent home while he is very careful not to permit the return of a single Hungarian. He even writes letters of encouragement to Jellachich with his own hand.

He pursues this line of policy till the Croats are within a few days' march of the Hungarian capital, when thinking the Hungarians sufficiently humbled to submit to anything at his hand, and not wishing to see the Slaves of Jellachich too triumphant, for fear they might not be so easily curbed in their success, he issues paternal addresses to the people and army, and sends a royal agent to put an end to hostilities between people whom he loves equally, and establish peace on the principle of the equality of the race, and the unity of the empire. This he does without at all consulting the will of the Diet or ministry of Hungary, thus treacherously taking away all the rights conceded in March last. But the nefarious plan is not so easily carried out as formed. The people of Pesth tore to pieces in the street the royal commissioner on his arrival, the Diet declared traitor to the country any one who should attempt to carry out the royal decrees, and the whole population is rising up in arms to make a desperate struggle for its liberities.

Yours &c. J. C. C.

FROM TEXAS.—By two or three arrivals from Texas, we learn that six companies of the 3rd Infantry were encamped near Lavacca. The Galveston News, says that the reports at Port Lavacca were, that twenty-six persons had been killed by the Indians. The publisher of the Lavacca Herald had, for the time being, left his paper and joined a scouting party who went in pursuit of the Indians. The greatest trepidation prevailed among the people and fears were entertained that the Indians would attack and fire the town, but the arrival of Government trops contributed greatly toward quieting their apprehensions.

From the Victoria Advocate of the 19th we learn that many persons are disposed to censure the Governer for not causing the ranging companies to be retained in the service; it is stated, however, that he had ordered three companies to be raised forthwith for the defence of the frontier.

The Advocate exposes the inefficiency of the infantry forces, which the United States government intend stationing on our frontier, to protect our citizens from the band of hostile savages.

The Advocate says that the Indians, after killing 13 men, wounded several others, and taking a vast amount of property, have escaped, and are now most probably in their mountain homes.

The Advocate learns from several gentleman from San Antonio, that a set of desperate men in that place—gamblers and discharged soilders—had collected together to the number of about 70, on pretence of fighting the Indians, but with the real object of robbing the Quartermaster's safe and stores, but were prevented by the death of their leader, a man named Sears, who was shot by Mr. Wallace, whose store he broke into with a cocked pistol intending to kill him. Some of the party, after the death of their leader, revealed the secret.

The Huntsville Banner announces the death of Col. Joseph L. Bennett, one of the soldiers of the Texan Revolution. He commanded the left wing at the battle of San Jacinto.

NARROW ESCAPE.—The Bingham *Express* of Monday say:—On Saturday evening last Mr. Luke Doolittle, a partner of Mr. Pratt, in Millville, while at work in the plaster mill, had his left hand caught by a rope which was winding upon a horizontal shaft, about 8 inches in diameter. In endeavoring to extricate himself with his right hand, that also became entangled, with his left arm broken and bent backwards around the shaft, made thirty-two revolutions with him thus suspended, his feet striking the ceiling and the floor at each revolution.—The mill was stopped by the arrival at the top of the inclined plane of the car loaded with stone plaster, to which the rope with which he become entangled was attached. He remained in that painful position for half an hour before he was discovered. Mr. Doolittle has narrowly escaped with his life, and is very much bruised, but is quite comfortable, and will probably soon recover.

A DRUNKARD'S SOLILOQUY.—"It would be a comfortable thing if I knowed just where I was bound for. Up street's got mixed with down street, and there's no such thing as cross street at all. The moon's cross-eyed, and keeps winkin' and blinkin, as if she had her eyes full of Macaboy. Now, what am I to do? If I stand still, there's a very pleasant chance of going to sleep standing. If I goes to stir, hang me if I know which way I am travelin'."

WHOLESALE EXTERMINATION.—It was stated recently by Rev. Chiniquy in a public meeting at among the wealthiest of Montreal, who have all been destoryed by intemperance.

Their aggregate fortunes, a few years ago amounted to $300,000. Now they have disappeared entirely, root and branch, solely through the influence of intoxicating liquors. He had another list of fourteen families of various occupations, whose aggregate fortunes amounted to $1,200,000, who have also disappeared from the same cause; and another list of five hundred and seventeen families who resided in fourteen parishes, and were all comparatively wealthy, but are all now distroyed by liquor, except remnants scattered through the States and elsewhere. It is thus that intoxicating liquors destroy the human race.

THE DIFFERENCE.—The Boston Path-Finder thus notices an incident attending the Water celebration: "The market men and printers were in the same division on Wednesday, and as the procession moved through the streets a striking contrast was noticed in the appearance of the two bodies. Those whose business it is to provide for the wants of the body were nearly all robust and hearty looking men, while the caterers for the mind exhibited marks of severe and exhausted toil, without a superbundance of the "roast beef." As the procession was passing through one of the streets at the North End, some one observed that the Typographical Society was not very large. "Niver mind," responded a son of Erin, "they've got more intelligence than all the rest."

TRAGEDY IN ARKANSAS.—The town of Yellville, in Marion county, Arkansas, was on last Monday week the scene of a most terrible tragedy. A feud existed between two families, Tutts and Everett.—They encountered each other at a meeting in Yellville, and the proceedings are described as follows:

A man by the name of Wadkins, of the Everett party, shot down Jack King. At the same time, Sim Everett fired at Sinclair and missed him. Sinclair returned the shot, mortally wounding Everett. King's brother was shot at by Bartlett Everett, the ball grazing his shoulder; he in turn shot Bartlett Everett dead in his tracks. After Sim Everett was shot, he gathered a rock, and pursued Sinclair; but finding King who had been shot in the beginning of the fight, he turned on him and mashed his skull in a shocking manner, and expired while in the act.—King lived until morning. Wadkins was badly beaten. He was taken into custody, but made his escape that night.

POSTHUMOUS JOKING.—An English miser, John Peach, lately died in London, leaving the following will: "I give and bequeath to my niece the flannel waistcoat I now wear. I give and bequeath to each of my sister's grand-children one of the earthen pots on the top of my wardrobe; finally I give and bequeath to my sister as the last token of affection I have always felt for her, the brown jug at the head of my bed." This disappointment of the legatees when this strange will was read, may be easily imagined. The deceased was spoken of by all in a manner no way flattering to him, and his sister, in a fit of anger, gave the brown-stone jug a kick, which broke it in pieces, when a complete stream of guineas poured out of it, and the general disappointment gave way to joy. Each hurried to examine his or her legacy and the old black coat, the waistcoat, and the little earthen pots, were found equally well filled, the testator having only wished to cause an agreeable surprise.

INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE.—According to Mr. Bancroft's new arrangement with the British government, the rate of postage to be charged on half-ounce letters sent in steamers of both nations, will be—for carriage across the Atlantic, 20 cents; for delivery at the post office 2 cents; and for the inland transportation the rate charged for domestic letters. So that a letter addressed at Liverpool to New York, and brought by a steamer from Liverpool to Boston, would be charged 27 cents, of which 20 would be paid to the steamer bringing it, whether British or American. The act of June 27th, 1844, empowers the Post Master General to carry the new arrangement into operation, without waiting for further legislative action. We believe that the British government have for some time been willing to settle the matter on this basis.—*Boston Transcript.*

LATER FROM YUCATAN.

The New Orleans *Picayune* of Oct. 29 says:—The brig Tasso, Capt. Grey arrived yesterday from Sisal, having sailed the 21st inst. Among her passengers was Mr. David G. Wilds, formerly an officer of the 13th U. S. Infantry. Mr. Wilds left Merida on the night of the 20th. He comes over here empowered by the Government of Yucatan to raise troops with which to make head against the Indians. The design is to form a regiment of Americans. There are about eighty Americans now in actual service in Yucatan, and 150 more have gone thither under Captain White; but a full regiment of at least 500 men is needed.

With Mr. Wilds we have had a conversation upon the position of affairs between the whites and the Indians. Of late the Indians have generally been defeated in their skirmishes with the whites, but the latter are outnumbered and are unable to make any serious impression upon their foes. Reliance must be had upon a better description of force. From Merida, the capital, the whites are operating in five distinct lines radiating from that centre, toward the territory in the occupation of the Indians, whose head-quarters and general rendezvous are Tlasuca, a town far in the interior. In the third and fourth divisions are the Americans serving, of whom we have lately heard as being engaged, with great credit to themselves. The city of Valladolid is in the possession of the Indians. It is a place of importance, and formerly of wealth. The fourth division was pushed directly upon that city, and had advanced within sight of it by the route of Izamel, Tunkax, Citax, Tinum and Pisoy having reached Pisoy, the news of the taking of Yuxcaba by the Indians arrived and the division was ordered to fall back.—Its head-quarters at last accounts were Izamel, but a considerable garrison was left in Tunkan, Cinus, and Tenum. The last news is that the Indians were in force in the neighborhood of all these towns, and had made several attempts to carry them, but so far had failed. They are so numerous that a repulse does not dishearten them, and they are now threatening Izamel. With skillful leaders, they would overrun the whole country at once.

We learn from Mr. Wilds, the present position of the troops on each line of operations, but have given that of one only. Without continual reference to good maps, our readers would not comprehend the positions, and would only be confused with the repetition of barbarous names. The truth, upon the whole, seems to be that the Indians are in possession of the largest and most fertile portion of the country, and that they will retain it until dispossessed by a race superior to that which is now disputing with them the dominion of the peninsula.

LIEUT. COL. FREMONT.—If the public history of this man is interesting, his domestic history affords subjects of reflection from which useful lessons may be learned. Married to a beautiful and accomplished lady, who would make his home all man could wish for, he tears himself from the ties of domestic affection and pursues his course over pathless prairies and snow-capt mountains, to leave behind him a name and contribute to the scientific knowledge of his race. The iron will of this adventurer is illustrated in his late departure for the plains and the mountains. On his way to Independence, one of his children died, and at that place he bade farewell to his wife, who has just returned to St Louis. The motive which impelled him to leave all the blandishments of society to roam among hostile savages, is one of those incomprehensible traits of human character that have never been satisfactorily analyzed by metaphysicians. Fame may dazzle but whether it adds anything to happiness may well be questioned.—*Cincinnati paper.*

THE HYDROPHOBIA CASE.—Mrs. Burroughs, of Camden, N. J., who, for several days past, has been suffering from a violent attack of hydrophobia, is likely to recover, through the application of chloroform.

On Tuesday, she was so much relieved as to be able to swallow a large quantity of milk, without a recurrence of the spasm with which she was previously afflicted at the mere sight of water. On Sunday, every attempt to swallow the medicines prepared by her physicians had the effect of throwing her into spasms, from which she could only be relieved by the inhalation of chloroform. The arm which had previously been very painful lost all sensibility, but Dr. Jackson cut the festered sore on her hand, and she was relieved by the discharges since regained its sensibility. The symptoms continued of an alarming nature until late on Saturday night, when they were apparently overcome by the use of chloroform, and she was able to sleep the rest of the night. She continued to improve during Monday, and on Tuesday was almost tempted to take a drink of water, but the fear of a recurrence of the spasms induced a postponement for the present.

RAPE AND RUM.—A man named Michael Sharkey, residing in Spring street, was arrested yesterday by Officer Phillips, and brought before the Police Magistrate, on the charge of committing a rape on the person of an interesting girl named Jane Murphy, 11 years of age, who resided in his family.—On Sunday night he took a few drams of that "patent poison" the play writers speak of so eloquently as the bane of man's existence, and getting extremely "high," he kicked his better half out of doors, and locking up the house went to the bed on which the little girl slept, dragging her to his bed, and compelled her to remain all night with him, and despite her cries and screams he debauched her person in the most disgusting manner. The next night, the fiend, for man we cannot call him, attempted the same outrage, and had the neighbors not heard her heart-rending cries and pite ous moans, and came to her rescue, the wretch would have again forced her to lie with him. Tongue cannot conceive of an outrage more palpable and one deserving so fully the punishment of the law's strong arm.—*Albany Knickerbocker, 25th ult.*

AN INFAMOUS SON.—In one of our English papers by the last Mail, we find a statement to the following effect, which we think only finds its parallel in the unnatural children of King Lear. In the Taunton County Court, Mr. Combe applied for the discharge of an insolvent, named George Day, an old man upwards of 70 years of age, who had been imprisoned eight years at the suit of his son Frederick Day.—The old man stated that some years ago he had signed off the whole of his property, of the value of about £1000, to his children, and having given a note of hand for £50, to Frederick, which he failed to meet at the proper time, he was proceeded against, notwithstanding that he had lent various sums to the son, amounting in the whole to nearly £50, but of which no account had been kept. The result was that the unfortunate old man was thrown into prison, where he remained eight years. His Honor, the Judge, immediately ordered the insolvent's discharge observing that he ought to have had it eight years ago.

☞ Captain Ottinger, favorably known upon Lake Erie as connected with the revenue service, has been assigned the duty of carrying into effect the act of Congress passed at the last session, for the preservation of life and property from shipwreck on the coast of New Jersy. We learn that Capt. O. is also directed to superintend the construction of surf boats, rockets, &c., for the purpose of establishing the means of communication between stranded vessels and the shore during heavy gales, where it cannot be done with the means now in use upon the shores.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

☞ Married, at Barn-stable, by the Rev. John Gates, Mr. John Post, to Miss Sophia Rails. If this match don't make a fence of the first quality, we should like to know what will.—*Bristol Mirror.*

The Cincinnati Dispatch says: We have heern tell of *rails* so tarnal crooked they *wouldn't lie still.* If the one in question be of this sort, it would take a pretty expert fencebuilder to make a Post available. We would be loth to *stake* high on such a match.

AN UNWORTHY SHEPHERD.—Rev. Isaac W. Wallace has been cutting up queer shines in the Grand River country, Missouri. The Chronicle says he claimed to be an authorized preacher of the Christian church—represented himself to be a widower—fell in love with a young girl just turned into womanhood—and then they thought of inquiring what manner of man he was. It turned out that he had a wife and children near Spencer, Ia., whom he had deserted. When this information was received in a letter from the Postmaster of that town, Parson Wallace put out, and when last seen he was between Cox's Mill and Linneus, going it with the speed of a locomotive.—*St Louis Republican.*

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

ERIE PA:

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 18, 1848.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE OBSERVER.

By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that the partnership heretofore existing under the firm of DURLIN & SLOAN, in the publication of the ERIE OBSERVER, was dissolved by mutual arrangement, on the 11th inst. The Books and accounts of the late firm have been transferred to the senior partner, Mr. Durlin, for settlement. He will be found, until Gen. Taylor, or his Secretary, orders otherwise, in the Collector's office, in Williams' Block, where those indebted are earnestly requested to call and make payment. Many of the accounts have been running for five years and a half—many no: so long—but all, now or old, must be settled up. Those who have paid in advance will be furnished with the paper the full time for which they have contracted, so that no one will lose by the change.

It is scarcely necessary for me, upon assuming the sole proprietorship of the paper, to enter into an exposition of the manner it will be conducted. The past five years and-a-half, in which its Editorial department has been almost exclusively under my control, is a sufficient index to the future. Hereafter, as heretofore, it will endeavor to be a true expositor of the views and principles of the Democratic party. I believe that party right—I believe its measures best calculated to promote the interests of the *many*, without endangering or encroaching upon the rights of the few. I believe its policy must and will eventually triumph, for it is the policy which, while it arrays neither class against class, nor section against section, restrains the encroachments of capital upon the rights of labor—and believing thus, no reverse like the election of Gen. Taylor, can shake my confidence in the ultimate fulfillment of the true mission of our republic, through the instrumentality of Democratic measures. In my own short career I have seen darker days for the democratic cause than the present, for above and beyond the horizon of whig success—high above the "noise and confusion" of whig rejoicing—I think can be discerned the sun of Democratic ascendancy shining out—the shouts of Democratic victory reverberating even among the hills and valleys of protection-humbugged Pennsylvania. But a truce to politics. The readers of the Observer have undoubtedly had enough for the present; and in future, while I shall claim and exercise the right of approving or condemning the measures of the Administration the *American people*, in their wisdom, have seen fit to call into being, its columns will be filled almost exclusively with such selections from the current literature of the day as will contribute to interest, instruct and amuse its reades. As a cotemporary very truly and justly remarks, a pure, bold, enlightened political press, is one of the highest blessings of society; a corrupt one its direst curse. While it espouses the cause of right, however weak, and opposes the wrong, however powerful, when it proves itself superior to the temptations which distort the views of public men, and vindicates its right to judge their conduct by the clearness of its vision, and the perfect independence of its views—it rises to a dignity and importance which cannot but command respect.

As a vehicle, then, of news, and a welcome visitor to the fire-side circle, no pains or expense which the patronage extended will want, shall be spared. Amid the din and clash of a political canvass even, the OBSERVER has always been partially devoted to literature and news, and now that a four years cessation has arrived, it shall not be my fault, if it does not become a more welcome guest to the lovers of light reading than ever before.

I cannot close this brief announcement without returning the grateful acknowledgments of the late firm for the very generous patronage extended to the establishment by its political and personal friends. We found it embarrassed, and the confidence of the party and community generally, shaken in its stability on account of the numerous change of publishers which had taken place. To regain that confidence and establish the paper on a permanent foundation, we had nothing to offer but of pride we announce that the heavy debt contracted in the purchase of *all* the old claims against the establishment, is very nearly liquidated, and that ample means have been placed in the hands of the retiring partner to meet the balance, as well as *every other* indebtedness of the firm. These means, however, necessarily embrace a large amount of debts due the office, and will require some little time to make them available. Those indebted, therefore, will see the absolute necessity for an immediate settlement of their accounts.

Trusting that the same approving smiles of patrons and friends will be extended to me, individually, that have cheered my efforts while connected with another, I cannot but look on the future with the most lively anticipations of success.

B. F. SLOAN.

Erie, Nov. 17, 1848.

WHOSE PRESIDENT IS HE?—Now that "old Zack" is certainly elected, the question arises, whose President is he? It is almost equal in importance to that, "who struck Billy Patterson?" The Cleveland *Plaindealer* says he certainly does not belong to the "Ultra whigs." Oh no. Old Zack would not be the candidate of any such men. He despises an "ultra whig." He says he is not such himself, and he told the *ultras* if they wanted an ultra whig President "to cast their votes for somebody else than him." He received a nomination, first, by the "Native Americans," second, by the "No party party" Maryland—third, by the "Slaughter-house convention," at Philadelphia—and fourth, by the "Slave-holding democrats of Charleston." They all have voted for him, and now whose President is he? We find but one parallel case on record, and that in the Sacred History: A woman had seven husband, brothers; they all died; and the question which puzzled the christians in those days, was: "In the resurrection whose wife would she be?" It will take a wiser man than now lives to tell whose President Gen. Taylor (or rather Tyler) will be!

ALREADY IN THE FIELD.—From all parts of the country we hear of disinterested whigs being out for the spoils.—In Buffalo, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Meadville, the scrabble has already commenced. Here the aspirants for the Post-office already number half a dozen, with a well-defined tendency to increase to an indefinite extent. For the two Light-houses the names are legion. For the Posts of Collector and Deputy, the number already named would fill all the vacancies which "Old Zack" could create in a year with a Frank Granger gullotin. Verily there is fun ahead, of which our readers shall be duly advised.

A FACT.—The Democracy have drove every thing before them at this election in the shape of politicians, except "free soilers." *They* are a little behind, but the whigs that *are* whigs but not "ultra," the whigs that *are* "ultra," the Natives, the "no party" men, the Taylor men and all, have run "old Zack" so far out of sight that we really doubt whether he'll *know* the *half* of them when he gets to the White House.

A VALUABLE WORK FOR FARMERS.—W. E. Hewson & Co., have laid upon our table a most valuable Book, which every Farmer ought to possess. It is entitled "THE COMPLETE PRODUCE RECKONER," and shows at a glance the value, by pound or bushel, of all kinds of grain; also a "Ready Reckoner for all kinds of merchandize, from one cent to one dollar" "to which is added a table for computing interest, tables for calculating the price of Hay, the measure of wood and stone, the contents for cisterns. &c. &c." This little work cannot fail to find a ready sale, as it fills a void among the useful works of the day.

MARTIN VAN BUREN IN 1840 AND 1848.—In 1840 Martin Van Buren received twenty-eight thousand seven hundred and fifty-two votes for the Presidency, in the State of Maryland. At the Presidential election just held, he was again a candidate, and in the whole State received but *twenty-two* votes. In Delaware, Mr. Van Buren received, in 1840, four thousand eight hundred and forty-four votes. The same state now *gives* him only *seventy-five* votes. How are the mighty fallen!

GEN. TAYLOR ELECTED—ITS EFFECT UPON THE WHIG PARTY.

The Democracy of the country are defeated, but not annihilated! The principles for which they have so gallantly contended are eternal, and although they may for a time be borne down with the cry of "availability," "no partyism" and a "blind adherence to mere military renown," their recuperative energies must and will eventually cause them to triumph. The Democratic policy *is* the policy of the masses, and whenever their opponents attempt to substitute others, then the re-action commences, and the next opportunity they do not fail to rebuke them. This was the case in 1844, and will be in 1852. The administration of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," was one through which the measures of whigory to the fullest extent, with the exception of a bank, were carried out, and the success of the Democracy in the subsequent canvass can be traced to that policy. But enough of this now—hereafter we shall have ample time and opportunity to discuss those points; our object at present is to examine the causes which have contributed to send the Democratic barque on an exploring expedition to the head of those waters so often traversed by our opponents—we mean "Salt River."

We had hoped for a different result—we trusted that the American people would once more, as in times past, endorse those principles and measures, under the benign influence of which, this country has become what she is. We had a right to expect this, because we had on our side a good cause, truth, justice, and sound policy. Our candidates, in point of capacity and experience, were so immeasurably above their opponents that a comparison was never attempted in the heat oven of political controversy. Why then, has the National Democracy, led on by two of the most enlightened and talented Statesmen this or any other nation ever produced, been borne down by the popular will? As our cotemporary of the *Pennsylvanian* well says, he who shall speculate upon the causes of this result, need employ very little argument to satisfy his own mind, or that of his reader. A thousand interests—each animated by its own peculiar desire—each instigated by its own peculiar grief—are suddenly organized under the banner of a hero whose indefinite position was seized as an encouragement to those who wanted but little, and whose conflicting opinions could be respectively taken to please conflicting factions. The great Democratic Party had offended many of these interests—some by failing to give them office—others by refusing to compromise its principles—others by its bold repudiation of detected traitors—and others, still, by being made to appear as the foe of certain enterprises, for the special protection of which it is the fashion of our opponents to believe all government has been instituted among men. Add to this heterogeneous combination, the popular appetite for military glory, and it will be seen how vainly against these odds was opposed the national Democracy. In the fierce onset of the strife—begun in very delirium, and waged under the excitement of a thousand hopes and hatreds—the flag that has so long defied the battle and the breeze, is temporarily lowered, and the eager and hungry legions of a most miscellaneous opposition, find themselves suddenly in possession of the government.

Need we speculate as to the consequences of success thus secured! Need we assume the office of a prophet and point how and why this combination, like a bundle of sticks when the thong that binds them together is *removed, will tumble to pieces.* No, there is no necessity for it. The history of the four years preceding the present administration, will be the history of the next. The history of Tyler will be the history of Taylor. It is true the whig party proper may not quarrel with him for the same reasons that they quarreled with Tyler, yet quarrel with him they will!—and not only with him, but with their allies!

Again, Gen. Taylor comes into power under very peculiar circumstances. He has been represented at the North as the opponent of the extension of slavery over the territories of California and New Mexico. At the South he was advocated on exactly opposite grounds.—During his administration, then, this question must be met, and one or the other will be cheated. A bill establishing territorial governments in those territories will most likely pass Congress during the session. It will receive, of course, the ordinance of '87, and will necessarily be vetoed by the President. Mr. Polk stands pledged to this course in his message signing the Oregon bill, and what he stands pledged to do he will do. At the next session the bill will again be passed with the proviso. Will Gen. Taylor veto it? He *dare* not do otherwise, and then where will the responsibility of its defeat lay? Who will be held accountable by the people? Will it not be the Corwins, Websters, Fillmores, Greeleys and Sewards of whigery! Will it not be the whig party North—a party that has wilfully placed a Southern slave-holder where he can defeat the will of the nation—a party that is now rejoicing over a victory achieved by one of the most stupendous "swindles" ever perpetrated upon the people!—Gen. Taylor's election, then, is destined to scatter the whig party at the North to the four-winds of Heaven—it will be the prime cause of breaking up its organization in the free States, and ridding New England from the curse of its dominion! We speak not as a prophet, but as a reasoner from cause and effect. But suppose (which is impossible) the promise made to the people by Northern Whig politicians, that Gen. Taylor will not interpose his veto should Congress see fit to prohibit slavery in the territories, prove true? What will become of Southern whigery? Where will the Berriens, the Peytons, the Joneses, the Prentices, the Coombses, and the Hilliards find an asylum from the indignation of the people? Where will even Gen. Taylor himself find a place secure from their reproaches! No, Gen. Taylor will have no desire to sign such a bill, and if he had, he dare not do it. His administration will be a Southern administration—his friends, associations, feelings and interests are all Southern. Can the Corwins, Websters, and Greeleys, of the North, hope to catch his ear under such circumstances? The idea is preposterous.

But this is not all Gen. Taylor's administration will have to contend with. His election has been accomplished, as we have before said, by a combination of all the factions known in the history of politics. Each of these believe themselves peculiarly entitled to all the spoils, and as all cannot be satisfied, the disappointed will immediately wage a war of revenge against him equally as fierce as they have against the Democracy. If the administration escapes this rock, it will be more than was ever accomplished before by a federalist.

GEN. CASS AT HOME.—The democrats of Michigan made no pledges or promises to their friends in other States. We have always supposed the State could be relied on for 5000 majority for Gen. Cass—a majority which no other candidate could possibly obtain. It is with the most sincere pleasure that we now record the vote of Michigan, showing a majority of 7000 for the *democratic candidate* for the Presidency. No event, save only his election to the Chief Magistracy, could be more gratifying to Gen. Cass, or reflect greater honor upon him, than this. It is a tribute from his immediate friends and neighbors—from the men who know him well and freely bestow their highest confidence upon him. The Ward in which Gen. Cass resides, the City of Detroit, his County and his State give him overwhelming majorities. Our friends throughout the Union will acknowledge a weighty obligation to the generous and patriotic people of Michigan.

GEN. TAYLOR'S SECRETARY OF WAR.—The Pittsburgh Commercial *Journal* says it believes "that it is a matter of very general consent, that Gen. Taylor will appoint W. W. S Bliss of the U. S. Army, to be Secretary of War. No valid objections can be made to such a selection." Major Bliss is understood to be a Democrat. What will the "ultras" think of such an appointment?

☞ We learn from the *Gazette* that David McAllaster has been appointed Commissioners' Clerk. We think this an excellent appointment, and the only wise act we ever knew the Commissioners guilty of.

MUD! MUD!—Our streets are flooded with mud—the side-walks are covered with mud—the whole country is in the mud, and the mud is *in* the country; and to sum it all up, this is decidedly a muddy article. It is all owing however to the election of Gen. Taylor and the success of "free soil."

GOOD ADVICE.—The *Gazette* advises the patriots of the whig party who desire to serve their country, and luxuriate on the spoils of victory, not to be in a hurry. In effect it tells them to "take your time, Miss Lucy," and patiently wait until next summer, and then "go it good and strong." In this case our cotemporary gives excellent advice, and from the signs of the times, we should judge it was much needed. But will it be heeded—that's the question? Will our office hating whigs listen to the preaching of wisdom, and forbear to reach out their hands to clutch the golden fruit which they imagine "old Zack" is going to scatter broad-cast from Maine to Texas? O, no, most sage and potent lecturer on the virtues of *forbearance*—the whig patriots of Erie are not made of such stuff, and if the administration don't set the guillotine in motion immediately after the 4th of March, and work it day and night until every "rascally loco-foco" is decapitulated, you may look out for noisy times, and as little had swearing "in Flanders." *Forbearance* we know is a christian virtue, and our neighbor does well to preach it, but in this instance he will unquestionably have his labor for his pains, to say nothing of the kicks he will receive instead of coppers. Whig office-seekers forbear!—preposterous! Does the hungry hyena *forbear* with the smell of flesh in his nostrels! Does the savage *forbear* when impelled by revenge! When they are restrained by honied words, then will our cotemporaries good advice be heeded by *those to whom he preaches!*

SINGULAR NAMES.—In looking over an old file of the "*New Yorker*," (1838) we came across the following paragraph in regard to the rage in this country for out-of-the-way names:

"The rage for out-of-the-way names is peculiar, I believe, to our country—though we may not rival the Spanish in the multiplicity of the appellations bestowed upon an individual. Many of our sponsorial titles are absurd. You have doubtless heard of the poor woman who has her infant christened Belzebub, because it was a scripture name. *I know a man who swore an oath that his first child should be named Thomas Jefferson—of course he calculated on having a boy; but his first born was a female. He kept his oath; and the lady owning that masculine nomination is still alive.* An eccentric accountant at New Orleans, christened his twin daughters Ibid and Ditto; and a gentleman by the name of Suckney, now living upon the banks of the Miami, has designated his children in numerical rotation, commencing with his first born, as One Stickney, Two Stickney, and so on up to the infant who is called Five Stickney. No other name or distinguishing mark is affixed to male or female."

What renders the above paragraph interesting at this time, is the fact that the American people have just elected the individual who named his daughter Thomas Jefferson in spite of sex, to the first office in the world—The lady was the wife of the gallant Col. Davis, of Mississippi, and has died since the above paragraph was written.

CHICKENS AND TURKIES, ATTENTION!—To all the tribes of game chickens, pullets and fat gobblers, Governor Johnston sends greeting. By proclamation, bearing date October 4th, 1848, he sentences at least 250 thousand of you to the spit, the pot and the gridiron. We know it will be a *fact* slaughter, yet the good of the Commonwealth demands that one day—and that day the 23d inst.—should be set apart for thanksgiving and prayer; and how can a great and happy people be thankful—how can they *prey*—unless the savory smell of roasts, stews and broils perfume the domestic sanctuary. You can therefore prepare for your doom—the fiat has gone forth, and his Excleney must be obeyed! By the by, who among our numerous patrons is going to furnish us with the necessary chickens or turkies to prove our loyalty to the powers that be on the 23d. Don't all speak at once, gentlemen!

☞ Our victorious cotemporary of the *Fredonia Censor* seems somewhat surprised that we take the defeat of Gen. Cass with so much philosophy. He undoubtedly expected to see us shed an ocean of tears; and, as he did in 1843, make a fool of ourself generally over the result. He is disappointed in this any how; and that is some consolation. We never saw any thing gained yet by whining, grumbling or scolding. What is done can't be helped—what is passed cannot be recalled—and if the whig party can rejoice at the election of *such a man* as Taylor, we certainly had'nt ought to cry. If they can *endure* his administration, we confidently can—and what is more, be prepared to give them another trial.

☞ In 1841 we rejoiced in a new suit at the expense of our whig friends, but fortunately for our pockets we could not find any one that wanted to be clothed at our expense this time. We are extremely sorry for this result, as betting is against our principles, and we were anxious to make suitable restitution! Luck is every thing!

☞ Gen. Taylor and "free soil" appears to carry all before them in the South, while that "notorious slave-extinctionist," Gen. Lewis Cass, don't appear to have been heard of. Good Lord, but isn't this world given to humbugging!

CONGRESSMEN.—Of the thirty-four members of Congress elected in New York, on the 7th inst., the Federalists have carried 31—the Free Soilers 2, and the regular Democrats 1.

The Democrats have elected 1 member of Congress in New Jersey, and the Federalists 4.

☞ The Philadelphia *North American* is very indignant at the whigs in South Carolina for voting for Taylor and *Butler*. Poor man, he'd be in a worse fix if the whole South

Paragraphs for the Million.

☞ Gen. Scott said to a gentleman a few days since, at his residence in New Jersey, that the fifteen millions of dollars paid for the acquisition of our newly acquired Mexican territory was but a drop in the bucket, compared with the incalculable benefit these possessions will prove to the United States.

☞ Queen Victoria having learned that a little child three years of age, was saved from the wreck of the Ocean Monarch, and that no trace of its family could be discovered, has taken charge of and intends to protect and educate it at her own expense.

☞ An abduction case has been exciting considerable attention at St. Louis. A beautiful girl, named Mary Jane Spencer, only fifteen years of age, was decoyed from her home by a man named Bridgeford, who took her to an infamous den kept by a madame Gould. Her distracted father ascertaining her place of concealment, rescued her twice, but she returned to it as often, and at last peremptorily refused to go home with him. He accordingly preferred a complaint against Bridgeford, who, after an investigation of three days was fully bound to answer the charge of abduction.

☞ The Boston Atlas wonders what those credulous gentleman now think who believed the stories of John Van Buren, Charles F. Adams. Mr. Sumner and others, that the State of New York was sure to vote for Van Buren.

☞ A lie may stagger through a brief existence as a blackguard edges his way, by dint of bul'ying, through a crowd, but the truth, however abused for a time, will triumph and live forever.

☞ David Frow murdered his wife and another woman, at Petersboro, Canada, a few days since. He was drunk. Their mutilated remains were found among the ruins of the house, which he fired, and which was consumed. David has been taken care of.

☞ A Jesuit College has been established in New Orleans. The building is large and imposing and will be inhabited by a number of the members of that order now in St. Louis.

☞ The British Government has requested ours to remove the wreck of the Missouri from the bay of Gibraltar. It lies in the way of vessels visiting that port. The St. Louis Reveille asks if the usual Constitutional objections, against improving the rivers and harbors will be raised against the request?

The railroad engine near Valley Forge, Pa., where the road runs along the brink of a precipitous ledge of sharp rocks, more than 100 feet above the Schuylkill, ran over a cow and was thrown off the track. The wheels on one side fell into a hollow, careening the engine far over, and when stopped by the wheels sinking into the wet ground, it hung trembling over the fearful precipice for nearly a minute. It at last settled on the safe side, and the passengers were enabled to land without injury.

☞ Judge McLean fires a heavy shot at Webster, Winthrop and the whole "pro-slavery" whig party in a letter which has recently been published. He says;—"My views are well known to be in opposition to the extension of slavery. I wish I could believe that all who express the same opinion were sincere."

☞ In Ohio 50,000 more votes were cast at the recent election than at the State election two years ago.

☞ John Bull does the correct thing in Canada, in regard to newspapers. He not only sends gratis, certain papers printed in Canada to every Custom house in Canada, but also sends to each a copy of the Semi-Weekly N. Y. Commercial Advertiser. There is about eighty Custom Houses in the two provinces.

☞ The Grand Jury of Alleghany county have found bills against several of the *factory girls* for the rebellious outbreak in Alleghany city a few months since. What else could be expected in a country that gives 3500 majority for a presidential candidate who on public matters refuses to express "opinions as *is* opinions."

☞ A rich vein of red oxide, or pipe iron ore, has been discovered in Miller county, (Mo.,) in the midst of a heavily wooded country, and distant four miles from the Osage River. Copper has been found in the same and there is, it is believed, a supply of stone coal within five miles of the vein of iron.

☞ The New York Sun says there are over 3000 boys in that city, who are homeless, friendless, and uncared for. "They live by running errands, carrying trunks, and committing pretty thefts. The larger part of them sleep nightly in boxes, unoccupied boats and coaches, or in areas and entries Seldom, indeed, do they enjoy the luxury of a bed. When the state of their finances will afford it, they dine at the cheap eating houses, or at the still humbler coffee and cake stands. When they have no money, they beg steal, or starve."

☞ The federalists are now warmly exulting over their victory. Their triumphs, "like angel's visits, are few and far between." Twice, in a half century or more, have they succeeded before the people. No wonder they are fierce and boisterous in their exultation. No wonder they "make night hideous" with their revelry. Let them feast and make merry—their triumph will be short lived.

☞ A fellow has been arrested in Boston, who, it appears, has been doing rather an extensive business in the way of imposing upon the benevolent as an impoverished Clergyman. He went by the name of Smith. He had with him a poor girl, whom he had deluded from her parents and from virtue, and his brutal treatment of her led to his arrest and exposure.

☞ An Illinois Editor, speaking of a bankrupt in that State, says that he broke every bank and Sabbath day that had been in that State for the last five years.

INFAMOUS.—Matilda Burell and Eliza Brown have been complained against before the Mayor of Pittsburgh for conspiring to entice a very young girl to a house of ill-fame in that city.

☞ A fashionable newspaper in London thus tells the young ladies how to make their hair wavy. It is too important an affair to be limited to any one country. "Damp the hair with water, and plait it three or four plaits every night. It will then take the waved form though combed and brushed the next morning."

HARD TO BEAT.—"Wayne township, Schuylkill county, against the world. A Mrs. Dress, wife of Michael Dress, of this township, was delivered of four children, two girls and two boys—three of them are living and doing well. She is now the mother of 24 children and is only 38 years of age. Beat this if you can."

☞ A child of Mr. Crowfoot, dentist, in New Haven, was recently saved by a Newfoundland dog, who dragged him out of a cistern into which he had fallen, and was found lying by his side; the child was recovered by the prompt application of the proper remedies.

THE GIRLS PUFFING!—Two fashionable dressed ladies passed down Fulton street, New York, yesterday, puffing their cigars *a la Mexicana*. This is a progressive age. We shall next hear of them ladies, taking the stump.

A PRETTY SEVERE BLOW.—A correspondent of an exchange paper, writing from Key West, tells of the smartest "blowing up" we ever heard of. He says: 'I forgot to mention the Schooner John T. Sprague is reported by some persons just in from Tampa, *blown a mile and a half up in the woods.*'

CHARGE OF INFANTRY.—The *Cairo Delta* publishes the proceedings of a convention of "*babies*," from which we extract the two following resolutions as indicative of the feeling which prevaded the meeting:

Resolved, That the introduction into the nursery of the "sugar teat," is an infringement upon our *natural* rights, and opposed to the propriety of wet nurses.

Resolved, That we will individually and collectively kick against "baby jumpers," instead of kicking in them, and that hereafter we will not be pacified in this manner, inasmuch as it prevents nurses carrying us about to 'see the elephant."

By Telegraph.

"Dispatches for the Weekly Observer.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17—7, P. M.

The Tribune says, a private letter from a friend in Lexington, Ky., dated 11th inst., says Mr. Clay is very ill. He is confined to his room.

Kentucky has given Taylor nearly 20,000 majority.

Gen. P. F. Smith has been appointed Gov. of California, in place of Gen. Mason, recalled.

Yesterday a new building in Frederick city, Md., fell and crushed three men, it is feared mortally. One was instantly killed.

PITTSBURGH.—Judge Brackenridge, once Gen. Jackson's private Secretary, together with his son, were fined $100, by Judge Patton, for contempt of court.

No arrest has yet been made of the persons connected with the robbery of the Patent office.

MARKETS.—Good inquiry for flour, but no change.—Range has been $5 31a5 37 for mixed; $5 37a5 44 for straight; 5 50 for pure.

Fair inquiry for wheat with sales of Genesee at about $1 25a1 27.

Market better for corn. Sales to-day 30,000 bushels at 64a68c for new Northern, part to arrive; 67a69 for mixed Western; 75 for round Northern.

Oats are 35a35c and quiet.

PROVISIONS—Pork.—There is a better feeling for mess, and a better feeling for prime. Sales 4 or 500 bbls. at $12 20a12 62; and $5 87a9 00.

☞ JAS. B RUPLE, Esq., has retired from the Washington Examiner, having disposed of his interests in that paper, to A. Hopkins, Esq. While we welcome Mr. H. into the corps, we are sorry to lose Mr. Ruple. We hope, however, that in whatever occupation he may engage he may meet with a success commensurate with his merits—and we could wish him no better fortune.

SUFFERINGS, AND TRIUMPH OF GENIUS.

There is at present in England an American who went to that country to endeavor to interest the capitalists in a new bridge which he has constructed. His name is Remington, and he is a native of Virginia. An account of his progress is given by himself, in a letter to Dixon H. Lewis, and is published in Hunt's Merchants' Magazine. When he arrived in England, in January, 1847, he was without money, and spent the first five months in vainly looking for somebody with enterprise enough to encourage his plan, living all the time on less than three pence per day. He slept upon straw, for which he paid a half penny per night. His limbs became distorted with rheumatism, and he was literally covered with rags and vermin, consorting, as he had to do, with the lowest beggars in London. Still he did not despair. The incidents of the succeeded three months he does not relate. His sufferings were so great that his head turned gray. He had to pay to usurers £10 to obtain a shilling for admittance to the Royal Zoological Gardens, where he succeeded, after much mortification, in getting the ghost of a model made of the bridge. The model, although a bad one, astonished every body. Every engineer of celebrity in London was called in to decide whether it was practicable to throw it across the lake.—Four or five of them, at the final decision, declared that the model before them was passing strange, but that it could not be carried to a much greater length than the length of the model. This was the point of life or death with the inventor. He says: "I was standing amidst men of the supposed greatest talent as civil engineers that the world could produce, and the point decided against me. This one time alone were my whole energies ever aroused. I never talked before—I was haggard and faint for want of food—my spirits sunk in sorrow in view of my mournful prospects—clothes I had none—yet, standing over this model, did I battle with those men. Every word I uttered came from my inmost soul, and was big with truth—every argument carried conviction. The effect on these men was like magic—indeed, they must have been devils not to have believed under the circumstances. *I succeeded.* My agreement with the proprietor was, that I should superintend the construction of the bridge without any pay whatever, but during the time of the building I might sleep in the Gardens, and if the bridge should succeed, it should be called "Remington's Bridge." I lodged in an old *lion's cage*, not strong enough for a lion, but by putting some straw on the floor, held me very well, and indeed was a greater luxury than I had for many months. The carpenters that worked on the bridge sometimes gave me part of their dinner. On this I lived and was comparatively happy. It was a little novel, however, to see a man in rags directing gentlemanly looking head carpenters. The bridge triumphed, and the cost was £8, and was the greatest hit ever made in London. The money made by it was astonishingly great, thousands and tens of thousands crossing it, paying toll, besides being the great attraction to the Gardens. Not a publication in London but what has written largely upon it, although I have never received a penny, nor ever will for building the bridge."

Mr Remington, after this, succeeded in obtaining credit from a tailor, got a suit of clothes, and obtained enough of the needful to obtain a shirt. He then drifted with that tide which taken at the flood leads to fortune, and he is now in the enjoyment of a comfortable living, courted and petted by lords and ladies, and he says he has now more orders for bridges from the aristocracy of Great Britain than he can execute in ten years.

SNORING.—A western statesman, in one of his tours in the far west, stopped all night at a house where he was put in the same room with twenty strangers. He was very much annoyed by the snoring of two persons. The black boy of the hotel entered the room, when our narrator said to him: "Ben, I will give you five dollars if you will kill that man next to me, who snores so dreadfully."—"Can't kill him for five dollars, but if massa will advance on the price, I'll try what I can do." By this time the stranger had ceased his nasal fury.—The other one was now to be quieted, so stepping up to him, he woke him and said: "My friend, (he knew who he was,) you're talking in your sleep, and exposing all the secrets of the Brandon Bank, (he was a director;) you had better be careful."—He was careful, for he did not go to sleep that night.

☞ WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.—We have not unfrequently called attention to this article in the columns of our paper, and we have done so with the full confidence that it was a good one, and deservin the patronage of the public. We have had a chance to witness its effects upon some of our friends, which in addition to the high encomiums passed upon it by our brethern of the press, not in a paid puff, but in honest candid statements, from having derived a benefit themselves, induces us desirous of advising all those who have occasion to resort to a remedy for pulmonary affections, to avail themselves of it. We have too much confidence, in the proprietors to be believe they would thrust this or any other medicine upon the community, unless they had full faith in its efficacy—in confirmation of which the proprietors offer a mass of testimony from the most unquestionable sources. Neither would they be understood as saying that this will always cure consumption after it is seated, although it seldom fails to relieve the worst cases—but at this season of the year almost every body is liable to a cold, which if neglected will lead to fatal results—by taking this medicine, we doubt not many lives may be saved.—*New England Washingtonian, Boston Jan. 2, 1847.* ☞ See advertisement.

☞ The Rev. E. A. Beach of the first Presbyterian Church, Homer, Licking Co. Ohio writes under date of May 5, 1847, that G. B. M. of Homer has suffered for years from Constipation of the bowels, has been for 18 months confined to his bed, suffered most excruciating pain, from stricture in the intestines, has had not only advice of the best medical men in the country, but his case was reported to the Medical Convention of the State of Ohio, discussed for two hours, a committee appointed to make a prescription, it was administered without the slightest benefit resulting. The Rev. gentleman adds that the Lithontriptic was tried, a good effect immediately produced to the astonishment of friend who known the case, and the patient now under the effect of the third bottle feels satisfied that a cure will be the result. Again has the Faculty of Ohio been satisfied that Vaughns Vegetable Lithrontriptic Mixture, the Great American Remedy, has a virtue to them unaccountable. Reader see our columns for advertisement. Call on Agents and get pamphlets.

MARRIED!

On Thursday the 19th ult., by the Rev. J. Vance, Mr NATHAN MOSER, of Crawford Co., to Miss ELIZA LOVE, of Fairvew.

JOHN B HAWES,

Dealer in Wet and Dry Family Groceries, at No. 5 Bonnell Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

DISSOLUTION.

Notice to the Patrons of the Erie Observer.

THE partnership heretofore existing under the firm of Durlin & Sloan, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The books and accounts of the late firm are in the hands of A. F. Durlin, for collection, and those in arrears are notified that payment *must* be made during the coming winter to save costs. Those having demands against the firm will present them at the office, where he will remain for the purpose of settlement. A. F. DURLIN.
Erie, Nov. 11, 1848. B. F. SLOAN.

Public Schools.

THE Board of School Directors of Erie Borough wish to employ two Principal Teachers, competent to take charge of the new East and West Ward Schools, and four Female Teachers for the same. Applications will be received until the 1st Monday in December next.
Nov. 15, 1848. JAMES C. REID, Sec'y.

Teachers' Convention.

ACCORDING to adjournment, the Convention of Teachers of Erie County, will be held at the Conference Room of the Presbyterian Church, in Erie, on Friday the 24th of November, at 1 P M. Addresses on various subjects connected with the cause of Education will be delivered. The reports of Committees will be expec ed.

By order of the Executive Committee,
J. W. WETMORE. Sec't.
Nov 14, 1848.

A CARD.

☞ The Ladies and Gentlemen of Erie and vicinity, are respectfully informed that Lewis' Gothic Hall is now open, and will continue to be for a term of years, should nothing unforeseen occur. I have built it expressly for carrying on the Watch, Clock and Jewelry business on a fair and substantial basis, as people are often imposed upon by transient dealers, stopping only for a few weeks or months in a place. I am induced to make the above statement also for another reason—that statements have already been made in regard to me, that I am going to stay but a short time, and that I am cheating and deceiving the people. That is false. I have commenced business with the determination of continuing the same so long as the patronage of the people of Erie will sustain me in selling goods for a fair and reasonable profit, and doing their work for a reasonable compensation. Many thanks for the liberal patronage already received. WM. N. LEWIS.
Erie, Nov. 16, 1848 25

STRAY HEIFER.—Came to the farm of the subscriber, in Fairview township, about the last of May, a red, yearling heifer, some white on its sides and head—no artificial marks. The owner is requested to come, prove property, pay charges and take it away. JOHN METZER.
Fairview, Nov. 18, 1848. 3w27

New Concern.

HAVING purchased the entire interest of H. Cook, in the Store occupied by him in the Bonnell Block, State street, Erie, Pa., I would respectfully call the attention of my friends and the public generally to my stock of cheap

Wet & Dry Family Groceries.

I will keep a good assortment, and will sell as low as any other in this market. JOHN B HAWES.
Nov. 15, 1848.

TEAS—Young Hyson, Imperial and Pouchong Teas, cheap, by J. B. HAWES.

RAISINS, Citron, Mace, Cloves, Pepper and Alspice, by J. B. HAWES.

WHITE WASH, Scrubbing, Shoe and Hearth Brushes for sale low by J. B. HAWES.

PORK Barrels for sale cheap at No. 5, Bonnell Block State St. by J. B. HAWES.

OLIVE OIL, Pepper Sauce, mustard cinnamon, Bay Rum, Port, &c., for sale by J. B. HAWES.

STONE Ware, just received and for sale low by J. B. HAWES.

BUFFALO Rectified Whiskey, by the bbl or gallon, by J. B. HAWES.

BRANDY, Gin, Monongahela Whiskey, Rum, Port and Madeira Wines, and Alchohol, for sale by J. B. HAWES.

FRESH, PURE AND CHEAP!

BURTON & PERKINS, AT THEIR OLD STAND, No. 5, REED HOUSE,

ARE now receiving their Winter stock of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, Brushes, Varnishes, Groceries, Fancy and miscellaneous articles, to which they invite the attention of Physicians, Painters, Clothiers, Tanners, and consumers generally. "*For Particulars see small Bills.*" Nov. 15, 1848.

Paints, Dye-Stuffs, &c.

1000 LBS. Rochelle and Yellow Ochre,
2000 lbs. Whiting.
350 lbs. Venitian Red, 300 lbs. Red lead & Litharge,
20 bbls Dye-Stuffs, 150 lbs. Smith's extract logwood,
150 lbs. Gum Shellac, 200 gals. Turpentine,
125 gals. Linseed Oil, 50 " Varnishes,
125 " Alcohol. For sale by
Nov. 12, 1848. BURTON & PERKINS.

Colds, Coughs and Consumption.

JAYNES EXPECTORANT, (large bottles)
Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry
Swayne's do do
Ayres' Cherry Pectoral
Bristol's Balsam Hoarhound, and other medicines for the above diseases, for sale by BURTON & PERKINS.
Nov. 18, 1848. 27

PEKIN COMPANY'S Green and Black Teas. A fresh supply of these popular Teas just received by the Agents
Nov 11. BURTON & PERKINS.

A FEW copies Beech's American Practice, and Wood & Beech's Dispensatory U. S., last edition, for sale by
Nov. 18. BURTON & PERKINS.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons owing at my store (special contracts excepted) are requested to make payment before the first of next January and save costs. P. METCALF.
Nov. 18, 1848. 27

GOLD AND SILVER SPECTACLES, of a superior quality, warranted to suit all ages and conditions of the eyes, at LEWIS' GOTHIC HALL.

CLOCKS.—A large assortment of Clocks, of different styles and prices, from $3, to $10; Marcel Time pieces, &c., all warranted to keep good time, at LEWIS' GOTHIC HALL.

School Books.

SANDER'S Primary and Pictorial Primer,
Do. 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Readers,
McGuffey's 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Readers,
Town's Speller, Definer and Analysis,
Do. 1st, 2d, 3d and fourth Readers,
Arithmetics—Thomson's Mental and Practical, Adams', Davies', Smith's and Colburn's,
Grammars—Bullion's Kirkham's, Smith's and Browns,
Geographies—Mitchells' with Atlas, Olney's, Smith's &c.,
Morse's Quarto Geography, Parley's do., Goodrich's do., Mitchell's do.
Algebras—Davies', Thomson's and Robinson's,
Philosophy—Comstock's, Olmstead's and Phelps',
Physiology—Cutler's, Comstock's and Taylor's,
Astronomy—Burritt's and Olmstead's,
Geology—Hitchcox's,
Classics—Grammars, Lexicons and Reading Books in the Latin, Greek, German, French and Italian.
Histories—Willard's, Wilson's, Coles', Goodrich's,
Rhetoric—Newman's, Boyd's and Blair's,
Astronomical Maps, Writing Books, Port Folios, Slates, Pencils, Quills, Steel Pens, Ink &c., for sale wholesale and retail at the New Book Store. W. E. HEWSON & CO.
Nov. 18, No. 8 Reed House.

THE highest price paid for old Gold and Silver, old Watches, and Jewelry in Cash or goods, at LEWIS' GOTHIC HALL.

COME AT LAST—Those Steel Beads, Chains, Tassels, Slides, Rings and Buckles, new and fresh. Also, a variety of Steel Bags and Purses, ready made, at LEWIS' GOTHIC HALL.

GOLD PENS—Levi Brown's Gold Pens; also, Bagley's of the best quality, every one warranted. Also, other Gold Pens as low as $1, at LEWIS' GOTHIC HALL.

SILVER SPOONS—You can find a large assortment of Ware of various Patterns and newest styles of manufacture, warranted as pure as coin, at LEWIS' GOTHIC HALL.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

The Great Remedy for Consumption of the Lungs, Affections of the Liver, Asthma, Bronchitis, Pains or Weakness of the Breast or Lungs, Chronic Cough, Pleuring, Hemorrhage of the Lungs, and all other diseases of the Pulmonary Organs.

Important Caution.

Beware of a *base counterfeit* of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, signed by one Wm. M. Spear, who, in order to palm his vile imitation upon the public, has obtained a *fac simile* of our bottle, and copied our label of directions *verbatim*, substituting his own name for that of Henry Wistar, M. D, which is found on the genuine.

Remember, the outside label or wrapper of the genuine Balsam is a finely executed steel plate engraving, bearing the signature of Henry Wistar, M. D, and Sanford & Park—none other can be genuine!

ANOTHER INVALID RESTORED TO HEALTH.

(Read the following statement of facts from Mr Eli Bailey, a highly respectable merchant of Vienna, Johnson co, Illinois.)

GENTLEMEN:—A desire to benefit the afflicted throughout the land has alone induced me to make the following statement of facts respecting one of the most astonishing cures ever recorded. My son, now seventeen years of age, has been afflicted during his whole life, with a constant cough, pain in the side and chest, accompanied with night sweats and hectic fever, which produced great emaciation and debility; and at intervals during the night, his expectoration would become so great as to endanger his life from strangulation. During the time he was attended by many physicians of the highest repute, whose prescriptions gave but temporary relief—in fact, so alarming were the symptoms and so inveterate was his disease, that I was compelled to believe him *beyond the reach of Medical aid!*

All of our neighbors and friends who saw him, regarded him as one who was rapidly approaching an early and premature grave. After having exhausted the skill of the best physicians without obtaining relief, I was prevailed upon by the advice of a friend to make use of *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.*

He commenced its use about the 20th of December, 1844, the first bottle of which gave astonishing relief, and I began again to indulge in the fond hope that he might yet be restored to health.

After having continued the use of it until three bottles had been taken, the disease was entirely overcome, and his shattered constitution and emaciated form restored to sound and permanent health, which he continues to enjoy up to the present time.

I believe the *genuine* Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry to be one of the most valuable medicines ever discovered—knowing, as I do, that the above cure was effected solely by its use.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,
Your most obedient servant,
April 9, 1846. ELI BAILEY.

CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS

Will please read the following statement from the Harrison Gazette:—The incredulous are invited to read the following note from Rev Mr Coldron, whose character for truth and veracity stands above suspicion, and have their doubts dispelled as to the superiority of *WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY* over all other remedies now before the public of the same character.

CROTON, Ind. Jan. 22, 1847.

It is no less a duty than a pleasure to state for the benefit of the afflicted, that I consider *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry* a great blessing to the human race. Having tried it in case of severe affliction of the lungs, I unhesitatingly recommend it to those similarly afflicted as the best remedy I have ever tried and one which cured me when physicians said I must die, and when I thought myself, that my time to depart was near at hand.

WILLIAM COLDRON.

There is a difference between WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, and all other preparations of Wild Cherry. The true and genuine Balsam, as sold by us, contains, besides the extract of Wild Cherry bark, other medical agents of great character and efficacy in the cure of coughs, colds, and general diseases of the chest and lungs. But all the important difference between this medicine and all others of the kind is, that Wistar's Balsam cures, while other remedies give only temporary relief to the sufferer.

Sold by J. D. Park, (successor to Sanford & Park,) Fourth and Walnut streets, Cincinnati, Ohio. General Agent for the South and West, to whom all orders must be addressed.

Carter & Brother Erie Pa.; H. H. & C. Case Girard; Farrar Whitney & Co. Waterford; D. N. & J. S. Webster Conneaut Ohio; S. S. & J. H. Fassett Ashtabula; J. McFarland Meadville Pa.; S. Wilcox Jr. do.

Erie, Nov. 18, 1848. 1y27

TIN FOIL for Dentists, by Nov. 10, CARTER & BROTHER.

PICTURE FRAME GLASS.—A beautiful article of different sizes, among which are 10 by 14, 10 by 13—16, and up to 26 by 40, by Nov. 10, CARTER & BROTHER.

CROCKERY.—3 Crates and 10 Hogsheads of handsome Crockery, China and Glassware, for sale very low.
Erie, Oct. 6, 1848. ALLEN & COIT.

GOLD, Silver and Copper Leaf, by Nov. 10, CARTER & BROTHER.

2999 LBS. Logwood chips, and in the log. Nov. 10, CARTER & BROTHER.

99 1 oz. Papers of Bronze, Gold, Silver and Copper, by Nov. 10, CARTER & BROTHER.

Stray Steers!

STRAYED from the Subscriber, sometime in June last, a pair of yearling Steers, one line-back, the other brockle-face, both of a red color and with some white about the legs. Said Steers are large sized, and show Durham blood. Whoever will return said Steers to the Subscriber, or give him information where they may be found shall be suitably rewarded. A. K. MILLER.
Millcreek, Nov. 11, 1848. 3t

NEW CLOTHING STORE.

JOHN M. JUSTICE returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the Public in general, for the liberal patronage extended to him, and would beg leave to inform them that he has just opened at

NO. 6, BONNELL BLOCK STATE ST.

a large and good assortment of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS, which, owing to the tightness of the money market in the eastern cities, he has purchased from the Importers at a great sacrifice, which enables him to offer the best bargains ever before heard of in this market. Among his stock may be found fine French, English, and American Cloths and Cassimeres, which will be made up to order and warranted. Also, ready made Dress and Frock Coats, Overcoats, and Sack Coats, Pants and Vests, Shirts and Drawers, Hdkfs. and Suspenders, which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest. Persons wishing to purchase clothing for Cash, will do well to call and examine goods and prices, as my goods are cut by myself, and made in Erie by the best hands that can be had, without regard to price, and are warranted to be as well made as any Shop in Erie makes. Persons wishing clothing, can have their measure taken and clothing made, and if not suited with them when done, they will not be asked to take them.

Custom work and Cutting done on the most reasonable terms and warranted.

☞ No charge for showing goods—call and examine for yourselves at No. 6, BONNELL BLOCK,
Erie, Sept. 27, 1848. State S.

999 LBS. Camwood, 700 lbs. Fustick, and 300 lbs. Nickwood by Nov. 10, CARTER & BROTHER.

588 LBS. FIRST quality Madder, and 500 lbs. extra Logwood Sandford's best, Nov. 10, CARTER & BROTHER.

777 LBS. Copperas, 999 lbs. Alum, and 900 lbs. Blue Vitriol, by Nov. 10, CARTER & BROTHER.

888 LBS. Sulphuric, Nitric and Muriatic Acids, by Nov. 10, CARTER & BROTHER.

COCHINEAL, Cud Bear, Solution of Tin, Cream Tartar, and Indigo, by Nov. 10, CARTER & BROTHER.

TANNER'S OIL, by the Barrel or Gallon, by Nov. 10, CARTER & BROTHER.

BLEACED WHALE OIL, and Campbline, cheap for cash, by Nov. 10, CARTER & BROTHER.

Glass! Glass! Glass!

NEW YORK, New Jersey, and French Window Glass. Single and double thickness. The largest assortment ever brought into this market, by the box or single light, by Nov. 10, CARTER & BROTHER.

Books.

THE Complete Produce Reckoner, showing the value by pound or bushel of all the different kinds of grain so arranged as to present at one glance, the value of the whole number of bushels and pounds at the same rate, the price computed in dollars and cents; also a Ready Reckoner, for all kinds of Merchandize, from one cent to one dollar; a Table for computing interest; Tables for calculating the price of Hay, the measure of Wood and Stone; the contents of Cisterns, &c. &c., just published and for sale, wholesale and retail at W. E. HEWSON & CO'S.
Nov. 6, No. 8, Reed House.

150 POUNDS American Vermilion and Chrome Yellow by Nov. 6, CARTER & BROTHER.

500 LBS. Red Lead and Litharge, by Nov. 6, CARTER & BROTHER.

699 LBS. Lamp black, and 120 lbs. Asphaltum, by Nov. 6, CARTER & BROTHER.

30 DOZEN Paint and Varnish Brushes, and 6 doz. Whitewash Brushes, by Nov. 6, CARTER & BROTHER.

6000 LBS. WHITE LEAD, Dry and in Oil for sale (Nov. 6.) CARTER & BROTHER.

200 KEGS PURE WHITE LEAD from Brooklyn, Buffalo and Pittsburgh. Nov. 6. CARTER & BROTHER.

600 LBS. FRENCH & YELLOW OCHRE. Nov. 6. CARTER & BROTHER.

600 LBS. VENITIAN Red, English, Nov. 6. CARTER & BROTHER.

999 LBS WHITING By Nov. 6. CARTER & BROTHER.

199 LBS. PRUSSIAN & Chrome Green, Nov. 6. CARTER & BROTHER.

149 GALLONS Furniture, Coach, Chair and Japan Varnish, by Nov. 6, CARTER & BROTHER.

299 GALLONS Linseed Oil and Spirits of Turpentine, by Nov. 6, CARTER & BROTHER.

GLUE and Sand Paper, by Nov. 6, CARTER & BROTHER.

To Carpenters and Joiners.

W. E. HEWSON & CO. have just received a large assortment of Tools, such as

Grooving Plow of different kinds, Quirk Ogee,
Gauge do do Grecian do
Spitting Gauge do do Quirk Ovolo,
Panel do do do Roman do
Hand Rail Planes do do Grecian do
Halving do do do Rabbet Planes,
Match do do do Sash do
Plank Match Planes do do Board Rules,
Plinster do do do Cane do
Quirk Ogee, do do Flat,

Which will be sold very cheap for Cash. Call and see.
Oct. 27. W. E. HEWSON & CO., No. 8, Reed House.

New Books.

HISTORY of the Purchase and Settlement of Western New York. And of the rise, progress and present state of the Presbyterian Church in that section. By Rev. James H. Hotchkin. Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation; a Book for the times. By an American citizen.

Thankfulness; a narrative comprising passages from the Diary of the Rev. Allan Temple. By Charles B. Taylor. For sale by Oct. 20. W. E. HEWSON & CO. No. 8, Reed House.

HISTORY OF TEN YEARS. 1830—1840, or, France under Louis Phillippe. By Louis Blanc.
The Prose Writers of Germany. By Frederic H. Hedge. Illustrated with Portraits. For sale by W. E. HEWSON & CO.

Notice.

THE Annual meeting of the Female Benevolent Society of Erie will be held at the vestry room of St. Paul's Church, on Thursday, the 9th of November, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

It is hoped that there will be a large attendance, not only of those who have been previously, or are now members, but also of all others who feel an interest in the objects of the Society.
Erie, Oct. 25, 1848.

Great Bargains

I AM NOW receiving my Fall and Winter Stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails, Chains &c., comprising a stock of over twenty-five thousand Dollars, which was purchased direct from the Manufactories, both in Europe and America, at prices unheard of before; all of which will be sold for Cash at prices far below any Goods before sold in this market. Returning my sincere thanks to my old Customers for their very liberal patronage, I purpose to compensate them this fall and winter with the greatest bargains of past times. Now is the time!—next year I predict higher prices. H. CADWELL.
Erie, Oct. 23, 1848.

A Card to the Ladies.

MRS. WARD begs leave to inform the Ladies of this City that she has just received from Philadelphia, by Express, a elegant assortment of Fall and Winter Millinery, consisting of Bonnets, Caps, Satins, Velvets and Ribbons, together with a large selection of Plumes and Flowers; all of which she will be happy to show to her friends and customers on Saturday, the 21st inst. Residence on the Public Square, three doors from the Erie Bank.
Oct. 20, 1848.

TAILORING.

THE undersigned takes this method of informing the citizens of Erie and vicinity, that he still continues the business of TAILORING at his old stand, where he will be happy to save them from the horrors of slop shop clothing, by making a fair and handsome garment at a very reasonable price. He returns his thanks to the public generally for its kind and liberal patronage heretofore, and trusts, by strict attention to business, to merit and receive the same for the future; as he feels confident that from long experience in some of the principal shops of London and New York, he can execute any work entrusted to him in the most workmanlike, fashionable and satisfactory manner.
Oct. 24, 1848. JOHN GOALDING.

N. B. CUTTING done on the shortest notice and with particular care. Shop, situate south of the Diamond, and a few doors east of the Erie Bank.

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!!—Broche, Cashmere, M. de Laine Wool, Plaid, &c., will be found cheap at TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.

Ladies Dress and Cloak Goods,

CONSISTING of Cashmere, Mou de Laines, black, striped, plaid and shaded Alpaccas, French Merino, silk plaid Madonas, Mohair lustre, &c., &c. just opened at GEO. SELDEN & SON'S.
Erie, Oct 16, 1848.

SHAWLS.

BROCHA, Turkien, Cashmere, Muslin de Lane and Blanket Shawls, a good assortment at GEO. SELDEN & SON'S.
Oct 16. 72

Paper Hangings.

1000 PIECES Wall paper and Borderings; 150 do Window paper, for sale cheaper than ever by GEO. SELDEN & SON.
Oct. 16.

New Goods.

WE have this day received by express, a nice assortment of French Merino, Silk, Mohair, Thibet cloths, Cashmere and M. de Laines &c., &c. TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.
Erie, Oct. 6, 1848.

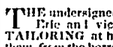
New Goods.

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.—The subscriber is now receiving his Fall and Winter Stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, Queensware, Iron, Nails, &c, which will make his stock full and complete, and I will make his stock very cheap. Call and see. The prices will suit you, no do. I, as I will not be undersold for ready pay, by any one in Erie.
Oct. 22, SMITH JACKSON.

Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the estate of Dorl. Albert Thayer, late of Millcreek township, dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate to present them properly authenticated for settlement. [Nov. 4, 1848.] ALVIN THAYER, Adm'r.

MEDICAL WORKS.



JUST received from the publishers, Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, a large assortment of Medical Works, which will be sold at the publishers prices; among which will be found:

Bartlett on Fevers, Budd on Liver,
Boyle's Materia Medica and Therapeutics,
Churchill's Midwifery, Churchill on Females,
Ashwell on Females, Cooper on Hernia,
Condee on Children, Jones on the Eye,
Dewees's Midwifery, Lewes on Children,
Dunglieson's new Remedies, Dunglieson's Practice,
Liston & Mutter's Surgery, Miller's Principles,
Miller's Practice, Phillips on Scrofula,
Prout on the Stomach, Taylor's Med. Jurisprudence,
Wilson on the Skin, Wilson's Disector,
Cyclopedia of Medicine, Williams' respiratory organs,
Youatt on the Horse, Cluter, Farrier, &c., &c.

The subscriber is agent for Lea & Blanchard, and will order any Medical, Literary or Miscellaneous works desired, and furnish them here at Publisher's prices. Physicians, students and others are requested to call and examine his catalogue
Erie, June 10, 1848. G. SPAFFORD.

ERIE ACADEMY.

THE WINTER TERM OF THE ERIE ACADEMY commences Monday, November 27, under the superintendence of Mr. J. HENRY BLACK, A. B., Teacher of Languages and the Natural Sciences, assisted by Mr. EDWARD P. B. OGDEN, A. B., Teacher of Mathematics and German; Mr. DANIEL P. EVANS, Teacher in English Literature, Penmanship and Vocal Music, and Miss. EUSEBIA JOHNSON, Teacher in the Female Department and in the French Language.

TUITION PER QUARTER.

In the Languages	$4 00
In Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, &c.,	5 00
In other Branches,	3 00

The regular time for admission is at the beginning or middle of the term. No one will be admitted for less than half a quarter.

From the pleasant and healthful location of the Academy, the advantages which it possesses of Philosophical and astronomical apparatus, and the ability of the teachers, both to impart knowledge, and to discipline the conduct, it is confidently believed that very superior inducements are presented to all who may be desirous of pursuing a course of *systematic* and *thorough* instruction.

THOS. H. SILL, Pres. GEO. A. ELLIOTT.
Erie, Nov. 11, 1848. 25 Secretary.

LEWIS' GOTHIC HALL.

IS now open, with a

Miscellaneous Selections.

LOST IN THE WOODS—A THRILLING INCIDENT.

In Chambers' Edinburgh Journal we find the account of a surveyor being lost for five days in the forest of New Brunswick without food. The story is a thrilling one, and vouched for as true. After narrating the wandering for two days, the sufferer continues as follows:—

I had felt, without at that moment comprehending them, very evident symptoms of approaching weakness. I frequently heard the sound of voices quite distinctly, and stooped to listen. I whooped! but not a sound in reply. The stream murmurered on to its bed, the wind rustled among the leaves, or whistled through the long grass; but that was all; everything else was silent as the grave. In a short time after, a most extraordinary illusion occured.—My attention was first attracted by distinctly hearing a tune whistled in the direction of the river; and, on looking round, I saw through the trees an Indian with two squaws and a little boy. My joy at the sight may be readily conceived; their canoe, I thought, could not be far off; and I already fancied myself seated in it, and quietly gliding down the river. I hallooed! but to my utter amazement, not the slightest notice was taken, or reply made. The Indian, with folded arms, leant against a tree, and still continued to whistle his tune with philosophic indifference. I approached, but they receded, and appeared to shun me; I became annoyed, and persisted but in vain, in trying to attract their notice. The dreadful truth flashed upon my mind; it was really no more than an illusion, and one of the most perfect description. Melancholy forebudings arose. I turned away, retraced my steps, and endeavored to think no more of it. I had turned my back upon the illusion, but as I retreated, its accompaniment of ghostly music continued to fall upon my unwilling ear like a death-knell. A sort of mirage next appeared to me to spread over the low ground, so completely real in its effect, that frequently, expecting to step over my boot in water, I found that I was treading on long "dry grass;" to be convinced of the truth of which, I frequently felt with my hand. My first vision was undoubtly the result of "delerium tremens," brought by exhaustation: but whether the latter arose from the same cause, or from real external phenomena, I cannot well determine.

I continued my toilsome journey along the alternately flat and tangled, or precipitous banks of the river, which, from being swolen, left me no bench to travel on. I crossed a large brook, which mistaking it for the Odell, led me to suppose myself but a little way from the settlement, (in reality, upwards of twelve miles off.) I had not advanced a great way further until I suddenly dropped down.—Supposing I had merely tripped and fallen I got up, and endeavored to continue the march, but again staggered and fell. I got up a second time, and leaning against a tree, in the hope of recovering from what I at first imagined to be temporary indisposition, again made several fruitless attempts to walk, until at last the appaling fact forced itself upon me that I had really lost my strength; and as any further exertion of my own were now impossible, my case was indeed hopeless, unless discovered by some of the party, who I had no doubt were by this time in search of me; or, what certainly did appear improbably, by some persons going up the stream to lumber. Under these circumstances, I thought it best to endeavor to regain the bank of the river; but owing to my weak and disabled condition, I could scarcely do more than drag myself along on my hands and knees, and was consequently overtaken by the night and a sharp frost. I took shelter behind the roots of a fallen tree, and pulling off my boots, for the purpose of pouring out the water, and rendering my feet as dry as I could make them to prevent their being frozen; I found it quite impossible to get them on again. I lay down excessively fatigued and weak; yet other sensations of suffering, both mental and physical, kept, me, through another dreary night of twelve or thirteen hours, in a state which some may possibly conceive, but which I must confess my inability to describe. There was a sharp frost during the night against which my light jacket and trousers were but a poor protection. On the morning of the 8th, when it was sufficiently clear, I discovered that I was not more than a hundred yards from the bank of the river. On endeavoring to get up, I was unable, and found both my feet and hands frozen: the former, as far as my ankles, felt as perfectly hard and dead as if composed of stone. I succeeded, however with a good deal of pulful exertion, in gaining the bank of the river, when I sat as long as I was able, with my feet in the water for the purpose, if possible, of extracting the frost. The oiled canvass haversack in which I carried my sketching-case I filled with water, of which I drank freely. The dreadful gnawings of hunger had by this time rather subsided, and I felt inclined to rest. Before leaving the bank of the river, I laid hold of the tallest alder near, and drawing it towards me, fastened my handkerchief to the top, and let it go. I scrawled a few words on two slips of paper, describing my situation; and putting each into a piece of slit stick, threw them into the stream, I next moved back a little way among the long grass and alders; and striving to be as calm and collected as my sufferings and weakness would allow, I addressed myself to an all seeing and merciful Providence, and endeavored to make my peace with Him, and place myself entirely at His disposal—feeling assured that whatever the issue might be, whether for time or eternity, it would undoubtedly be for the best. I trust I was not presumptuous, but I felt perfectly calm and resigned to my fate.

I lay down among the long wet grass having placed my papers under my head, and my haversack, with some water, near my side. My weakness seemed to favor the most extraordinary creation of the brain. I become surrounded especially towards evening, with a distinct assemblage of grotesque and busy figures, with which, could I have seen them under different circumstances, I should have been highly amused. Yet do I believe them to have been a great relief from the utter loneliness that must otherwise have surrounded me, as it really required an effort to establish the truth of my being alone.—I passed another long and dreary night; and from its being rather milder, had some little sleep, although of a distressing and disturbed nature, and not in the least refreshing. The morning of the 9th arrived, and I could then with difficulty support myself even on my knees. Still, after extraordinary exertions, I procured a fresh supply of water, and lay down—I thought most likely never to rise again. A violent burning sensation in the stomach had now come on. A few mouthfuls of water allayed it, but brought on violent spasms for five or ten minutes, after which I had, for a little while, comparative relief. In this state gradually growing weaker, I continued until the morning of the 10th. During the night it rained in torrents, which, although in some respects inconvenient and disagreable, had in a great measure drawn the frost from my feet and hands, which, as well as my face, had become much swollen.

In the course of the morning I thought I heard the sound of voices. I raised my head a little from the ground—all I could now accomplish—and looking through the alders, I saw a party of men and some horses on the opposite side of the river, and scarcely a hundred yards distant from where I lay. My surprise and joy were of course excessive, yet I had of late seen so many plamtoms, that I was quite at a loss whether to consider it a reality or not.—When at length convinced, I discovered, alas! that both my strength and voice were so completely gone that I could neither make myself seen nor heard.—All my exertions were unavailing; and my horror and disabpointment may be readily conceived at seeing them depart again in the direction they had come. I had now given up all hope, and once more resigned myself to my apparently inevitable fate.—Three hours had passed, when I again thought I heard the sound of horses feet on the bed of the river. On looking up I saw they had returned to the same spot. My efforts to make myself heard were once more renewed, and I at last succeeded in producing a howl, so inhuman, as to be mistaken by them for that of a wolf; but on looking up the stream they saw my hadkerchief, which I had fastened to the alder, and knowing me to have been missing before they left the settlement, surmised the truth, and came at once to my assistance. I was taken to a cabin built at the stern of the tow-boat, in which there was a small stove. They there made a bed for me, and covered me with blankets and rugs.—They made a sort of pap with bread and sugar, which they offered me, and also some potatoes. I declined their kind offering, but begged to have a little tea, which they gave me, and I went to sleep. The tow-boat had to continue her voyage some distance up the river with her freight, after which we returned, and got to Campbell's late in the afternoon, where, I met with every kindness and attention.—The house of Mr. Campbell, to which I was brought, was but a very ordinary log-house, yet with all its simple homeliness I felt quite comfortable, seeing I was surrounded with the most perfect cleanliness; and the good dame was, from long experience, well skilled as to the case she had to deal with, at the same time saying mine was the worst she had ever had under her care.

I have thus endeavored to give an imperfect sketch of my wanderings during the period of more than five days and nights without food, fire, or shelter from the inclemency of the weather. My recovery has been rapid; although I at first suffered a good deal, both from the returning circulation in my hands and feet, and after partaking of food. I was in a few days sufficiently well to be removed down to the mouth of the river Topique, where I found my poor wife anxiously awaiting my arrival. I must, in conclusion, say that my wonderful escape ought at least to convince me that God is ever merciful to those who sincerely put their trust in Him.

THE OBSERVER

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY B. F. SLOAN,

CORNER OF STATE ST. AND THE PUBLIC SQUARE,

ERIE, PA.

TERMS OF THE PAPER.

City subscribers by the carrier, at $2,00
By mail, or at the office, in advance, 1,50

☞ If not paid in advance, or within three months from the time of subscribing, two dollars will be charged.

☞ All communications must be post paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Cards not exceeding 1 lines, one year.	$3,00
One square " "	10,00
do. do. six months,	6,00
do. do. three months,	3,00

Thansient advertisements, 50 cents per square, of fifteen lines or less, for the first insertion; 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

☞ Yearly advertisers have the privilege of changing at pleasure, but at no time are allowed to occupy more than two squares, and to be limited to their immediate business.

Advertisements not having other directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

DR. W. B. DODGE,
Eclectic Physician and operative Surgeon—Graduate of N. Y. College in 1839. As a practitioner "he can't be excelled."—The sick from the country will be treated successfully, or no charge. Office near Beebe's Store.

J. H. WILLIAMS,
Banker and Exchange Broker. Dealer in Bills of Exchange, Drafts, certificates of Deposite, Gold and silver coin, &c., &c. Office directly opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie, Pa.

WILCOX & CO.,
Dealers in Groceries of various kinds, Provisions, Fruits, Candies, Wines, Liquors, &c., opposite Eagle Hotel, next door to Williams' Exchange.

BENJAMIN F. DENNISON,
Attorney at Law, Cleveland, Ohio—Office on Superior street, in Atwater's Block. Refer to Chief Justice Parker, Cambridge Law School; Hon. Richard Fletcher, 10 State st., Boston; Hon. Samuel H. Perkins, 141½ Walnut st., Philadelphia; Richard B. Kimball, Esq., 33 Wall street, New York. For testimonials, refer to this office.

WILSON & LATTIMORE,
Physicians and surgeons. Office over the Erie Bank.
J. P. Wilson, M. D. Wm. P. Lattimore, M. D

GRAHAM & THOMPSON,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law—Office on French street, over S. Jackson's Store Erie.

GALBRAITHS & LANE.
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law—Office on Sixth street, west side of the Public Square, Erie, Pa.

J. B. JOHNSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law—Office in the County Building, up stairs, Erie.

JAMES C. MARSHALL,
Attorney at Law—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building, north of the Prothonotary's office, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law—Office over C. B. Wright's Store; entrance one door west of State street, on the Diamond, Erie.

I. ROSENZWEIG & Co.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c., No. 1, Fleming Block, State street, Erie.

TIBBALS & DEWEY,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c., No. 111, Cheapside, Erie.

HENRY CADWELL,
Dealer in Hardware, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., north side of the Diamond, and one door east of the Eagle Hotel, Erie.

T. W. MOORE,
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Candies, Fruit, &c., No 1, Perry Block, State street, Erie.

A. H. HITCHCOCK,
Dealer in Groceries and Provisions of all kinds, State street, three doors north of the Diamond, Erie.

HIRAM COOK,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in cheap wet and dry Family Groceries, at No. 5, Bonnell Block, State street, Erie,

BENJAMIN GRANT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Commissioner of Deeds, Office in Tammany Hall, second story, six doors west of J. H. Williams' corner, Erie.

P. A. R. BRACE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Prairie du Chien Wisconsin, practices in the counties of Crawford, Grant and Iowa, Wisconsin, and in Clayton county, Iowa.

SMITH JACKSON,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens Ware, Lime, Iron, Nails, &c., 121, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM RIBLET,
Cabinet Maker, Upholster, and Undertaker, corner of State and Seventh streets, Erie.

JOSEPH KELSEY,
Manufacturer of Tin, Copper Sheet-iron ware, Air Tight stoves, Stove pipe, &c., corner of French and Fifth streets, Erie.

KELSO & LOOMIS,
General Forwarding, Produce and Commision Merchants; dealers in coarse and fine salt, Coal, Plaster, Shingles, &c. Public dock, west side of the bridge, Erie.
Edwin J. Kelso, W. W. Loomis.

WM. M. GALLAGHER,
General Forwarding and Commission Merchant, and dealer in Salt, Plaster, &c., Warehouse on the Public Dock west of the bridge, Erie.

WALKER & COOK,
General Forwarding, Commission and Produce Merchants; Second Ware-house east of the Public Bridge, Erie.

G. LOOMIS & Co.
Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Silver, German Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie.
G. Loomis, T. M. Austin

CARTER & BROTHER.
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Glass, &c., No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

EAGLE HOTEL,
By Hiram L. Brown, corner of State street and the Public square, Erie, Eastern Western and Southern stage office.

JOEL JOHNSON,
Dealer in Theological, Miscellaneous, Sunday and Classical School Books, Stationary, &c. No. 111, French street, Erie.

LYTLE & HAMILTON,
Fashionable Merchant Tailors, on the public square, a few doors west of State street, Erie,

L. WARREN,
Sash, Blind and Door Manufacturer, and dealer in glass, south east corner of 6th and State streets, Erie.

D. S. CLARK,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Stone-ware, &c. &c., No. 112, French street, Erie.

O. D. SPAFFORD.
Dealer in Law, Medical, school Miscellaneous Books stationary, Ink, &c. State st., four doors below the Public square.

J. GOALDING.
Merchant Tailor, South side of the Public square, a few doors East of the Erie Bank.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist; Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire set. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifice so as to leave them of a pellucid clearness. All work warranted.

MOSES KOCH,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Ready Made Clothing, &c., Commercial Buildings, corner of French and Fifth streets, Erie.

S. DICKERSON,
Physician and Surgeon—Office at his residence on Seventh street, opposite the Methodist Church, Erie.

C. B. WRIGHT,
Wholesale and Retail dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Glass-ware, Iron Nails Leather, Oils, &c., corner of State street and the public square, opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie

JOHN H. MILLAR,
County and Borough surveyor—Office third story, No. 1, Perry Block, State street, near 7th, Erie.
April 29, 1848. 50

LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER,
Iron Founders, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Stoves, Hollow-ware, &c. State street, Erie.

BURTON & PERKINS,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 3, Reed House, Erie.

1848. Rust & Kelsey. 1848
Dealers in Boat Stores, Groceries and Provisions, at the Eighth Street Landing, Erie Pa.
R. & K. are agents for A. King in the Storage, Forwarding and Commission Business, at the above mentioned place.
Any business entrusted to their care will be attended to with promptness and dispatch.
L. Rust, S. Kelsey.

Take Notice.
PREPARATORY to going East for my stock, I will sell *Dry Goods* at cost, for cash and Groceries. Iron, Nails, Salt, &c., at a small advance from *cost*. Borough warrants, and most kinds of country produce received in payment. Cash wanted on old debts in ten days.
Erie, Sept. 7, 1848. SMITH JACKSON. 17

HARDWARE.
A GENERAL assortment of Shelf Hardware and Cutlery.
Oct. 21. G. SELDEN & SON

GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY

Western New York College of Health.

227, MAIN STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.

DR. G. C. VAUGHN'S VEGETABLE LITHONTRIPTIC MIXTURE.—This celebrated remedy is constantly increasing in fame by the many cures it is making

ALL OVER THE WORLD.

It has now become the only medicine for family use and is particularly recommended for

DROPSY:

all stages of this complaint immediately relieved, no matter of how long standing. *See pamphlet for testimony.*

GRAVEL,

and all disease of the urinary organs: for these distressing complaints *it stands alone; no other can relieve you*; and the cures testified to will convince the most skeptical; *see pamphlet.* Liver complaints, billious diseases,

FEVER AND AGUE.

To the great West especially, and wherever these complaints prevail this medicine is offered.

NO MINERAL AGENT,

no deleterious compound is a part of this mixture, it cures these diseases with certainty and celerity, and does not leave the system torpid. See pamphlet.

PILES, a complaint of a most painful character is

IMMEDIATELY RELIEVED,

and a cure follows by a few days use of this articles; it is *far before any other preparation for this disease*, or for any other disease originating from impure blood. See pamphlet.

DEBILITY OF THE SYSTEM.

weak back, weakness of the kidneys, &c., or inflamation of the same, *is immediately relieved by a few days use of this medicine*, and a cure is always a result of its use. It stands as

A CERTAIN REMEDY

for such complaints, and also for derangements of the female frame

IRREGULARITIES, SUPPRESSIONS,

painful menstruations. No article has ever been offered except this which would touch this kind of derangements. It may be relied upon as a sure and effective remedy, and did we feel permitted to do so could give a

THOUSAND NAMES

as proof of cures in this distressing class of complaints. See pamphlet. All broken down, debilitated constitutions from the effect of mercury, will find the bracing power of this article to act immediately, and the poisonous mineral eradicated from the system.

ERUPTIVE DISEASES

will find the alternative properties of this article,

PURIFY THE BLOOD,

and drive such diseases from the system. See pamphlet for testimony of cures in all diseases, which the limits of an advertisement will not permit to be inserted here. Agents give them away; they contain 32 pages of certificates of high character, and a stronger

ARRAY OF PROOF

of the virtues of a medicine, never appeared. It is one of the peculiar features of this article that it never fails to benefit in any case, and if bone and muscles are left to build upon let the emaciated and lingering invalid HOPE ON, and keep taking the medicine as long as the pain and improvement, is the proper test. CAUTION THE PUBLIC against a number of articles which come out under the head of

SARSAPARILLAS, SYRUPS, &c.,

as cures for Dropsy, &c. *They are good for nothing*, and concocted to gull the unwary; TOUCH THEM NOT. Their inventors never thought of curing such diseases as this article had done at. A particular study of the pamphlet is earnestly solicited. Agents *and all who sell the article are GLAD TO CIRCULATE* gratuitously.

Put up in 30 oz. bottles, at $2; 12 oz. at $1 each—the largest holding 6 oz. more than two small bottles. *Look out and not get imposed upon.* Every bottle has "Vaughn's Vegetable Lithontripic Mixture" blown upon the glass, the *written* signature of G. C. Vaughn, Buffalo, *stamped upon the cork.* None other genuine.—Prepared by Dr. G. C. Vaughn, and sold at the *Principal Office*, 227 Main street, Buffalo, at wholesale and retail. No attention given to letters unless post paid—*orders* from regularly constituted Agents excepted; post paid letters, or verbal communications soliciting advice, *promptly attended to, gratis.*

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of this article, 132 Nassau street, New York city; 295 Essex st., Salem, Mass., and by the principal druggists throughout the United States and Canandia, as Agents. For sale by

Carter & Brother and Burton & Perkins, Erie; C. W. Burton, Mendville; Dr. C. Baker, Sparta; E. T. Town Co., North East; L. L. Jones & Co., Girard; D. S. Smith, Bridgewater; B. Magoffin, Mercer; Hall & Baskins, Pine Grove; M. Wilson, Sugar Grove; Boyd & Vincent, Waterford; D. M. Williams and J. D. Summerton, Warren; Chase & McDonnell, Titusville; Abraham Tourtellott, Union; H. R. Terry, Edenboro; S. Hall, Jr. Cranesville; Lounsberry & Wheeler, Lockport; John A. Tracy, Fairview. 1y33

North East Woolen Factory.
7000 YARDS of Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Satinetts, Blankets, Flannels, are now ready to be exchanged for wool at the following rates: For plain full cloth, *one yard* for 2¼ lbs. of wool: Cassimeres 2½ lbs., to the yard. We will also manufacture during the season, Black, Brown, Steel-mixed cloth at 28 cts. per yard, Cassimeres of the same colors at 50 cts. and white flannel at 8 and 12½ cts. per yard.
North East, June 10, 1848. STEVENS & JEWETT.

ERIE MARBLE FACTORY.
THE subscriber would inform his old customers and the public generally, that he continues to carry on the Marble business at the old stand on Ninth Street, *near the Academy*, nearly opposite the Academy, where he will keep on hand at all times, a large stock, consisting of the different varieties of white and variegated marble, suitable for grave-stones, (set in sockets or without,) Tomb-tables, *monuments*, &c. Those wishing to purchase will find it to their advantage to call and examine stock and prices. As I am not yet understood, I plainly say I will sell to furnish anything in my line, from 15 to 25 per, cent less than it can be had of the traveling agents for Eastern Factories.
Erie, July 8, 1848. 1y9 J. R. COCHRAN.

NEW GOODS
THE subscribers are just receiving a very full stock of SPRING and SUMMER GOODS consisting of almost every variety of *Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware and Crockery*, all of which have *been purchased at the lowest cash prices*, and will be sold as low as at any other House in Erie. They invite their old customers, Ladies and Gentlemen, and the Public generally, to call and *examine their* assortment before purchasing elsewhere J. HUGHES & Co.
Erie, June 10, 1848. 4

Shawls! Shawls!!
LONG AND SQUARE.
100 DIFFERENT PATTERNS, including the all wool Long Shawl, Cashmere, Brocha, Barkien Wool, Brocade, Stradilla, and all other styles to be found now and cheap at
Sept. 20. C. B WRIGHT'S

Fashionable Dress Goods,
NOW opening, direct from London, a choice selection of Dress Goods of New styles, such as Toil de Paris Merinos, satin stripe Brocade and changeable Cashmeres, (very beautiful) also: imperial and changeable Lustres, striped and plaid do., figured, printed and embroidered Cashmeres, (the late styles,) together with great variety of French and English Dress Trimmings, &c. &c. to which I invite the attention of the Ladies.
Sept. 29, 1848. C. B. WRIGHT.

Executo s' Notice.
LETTERS Testamentary on the estate of John Burton, late of Millcreek township in the county of Erie, deceased, having this day been granted the subscribers, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the said estate, to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against the said estate, to present them to the subscribers properly authenticated for settlement.
JOHN BURTON, } Executors.
Millcreek, Oct. 11, 1848. LEWIS BURTON, }

PAINTING AGAIN.
P. GLAZIER, would respectfully inform the citizens of Erie and vicinity that he has again taken up the notes and trade, *and is now ready to execute* all orders in the line of Painting and Glazing which his old customers and friends may see fit to entrust to him. Canal Boats "brushed up" on the shortest notice. Please give him a call. Shop at his dwelling, 8th street near the Canal.
Erie, April 29, 1848. 3m50

NEW Temperance Tale, Mary Grover or the Trusty Wife, at
June 28, SPAFFORD'S.

SELF Control, a novel, by Mary Burton, at
June 28 SPAFFORD'S.

BARNES' Notes on James, Peter, John and Jude, at
June 28. SPAFFORD'S.

OPPOSITION.
OUR cigar case is constantly supplied with the very choicest quality of El Sol, Principe, Havana, Sherouts, Esculapius, La Norma, La Articudad, and Regalia Cigars, direct from the manufacturers, and warranted free from any kind of *dangerous drugs or essences.* [Aug. 2.] H. COOK.

Wanted Immediately!
THE Balance on all notes and accounts due the subscriber, and the late firm of Englehart & Mayer. Persons interested will oblige by calling and adjusting the same before the first of June next. May 12. cod tf MATHIAS MAYER.

LADIES' Dress Goods, consisting of Lawns, Balzarines, Linnen and Cotton Ginghams, Calico &c., just opened at No. 3, Cheapside, by GEO. SELDEN & SON.
June 10, 1848. 4

Steam Engines and Boilers.
WE are now prepared to make to order High Pressure Engines suitable for Mills or other Machinery, and furnish Boilers of the most approved kinds, on short notice and at the very lowest rates. LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.
May 4, 1848. 51

BREWER'S new novel, Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings, at
June 22. SPAFFORD'S.

SHAWLS and Dress Goods—the choicest lot in the City, at
June 10] ALLYN & COIT'S.

FRINGES AND GIMPS.—We are now receiving a large assortment of Silk, Worsted, and Linen Fringes, also Gimps of all kinds, and all the new styles of Dress Trimmings at
METCALF'S.

GROCERIES.—We are now receiving a fresh supply of Groceries, which we offer at great bargains; consisting of Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Spices, &c , &c , upon which we pledge ourselves not to be undersold. Please call and satisfy yourselves at
No. 1, Reed House.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—Please call and examine our large stock of Gentlemen' Fine and Heavy Boots and Shoes, also a great variety of Ladies' and Misses' Gaiters, Walking Shoes, and Slips, and all kinds of children's shoes, and Ladies', Gents, and childrens overshoes, at
No. 1, REED HOUSE.

SALERATUS.—Saleratus by the box or cask, always on hand and for sale cheaper than at any other place in town. Enquire at the Tin Shop of JOSEPH KELSEY,
Erie, Aug. 19, 1848. corner French and Fifth sts.

CANAL LAMPS.—Thick Glass, suitable for Lamps and Lanterns, by May 12. CARTER & BROTHER.

CARPETING AND OIL CLOTHS.—A very handsome lot of new Carpeting and Oil Cloths arriving at the Old Jew store of
Erie Sept. 29 1848. MOSES KOCH.

BENCH, Moulding and Match Planes, and a general assortment Carpenters and Joiners Tools.
Oct. 21. G. SELDEN & SON.

GIMPS and Fringes.—A good assortment at
Oct. 6. TIBBALS & DEWY'EcS.

GINGHAMS.—English, French, Scotch and American Ginghams, cheap at TIBBALS & DEWEY'S
Oct. 6.

New and Popular Publications, from Press of HARPER & BROTHERS.
JUST received at the Bookstore of O. D. Spafford, the following new and popular works, from the press of Harper & Brothers, viz:
Lotteries in Europe—by Jno. W. Corson, M. D.
William the Cottager—by author of Helen Herbert.
Angela—by the author of Amelia Wyndham, &c.
The above desirable reading will be disposed of on the most reasonable terms. Call soon.
N. B.—O. D. S. has make arrangements with the Harpers, by which he will be in receipt of their new works immediately after publication. June 14, 1848.

GRASS CLOTHS for skirts and Sun bonnets; red French window Muslin, Pointed Landscape Shades, and other rich New Goods, just received per express and railroad by
June 10, 1848. ALLYN & COIT.

New Goods.
A CHOICE LOT of French Thibets, of all colors, for Ladies' Cloaks, *received per Express*, for sale cheap by
Erie, Oct. 6, 1848. ALLEN & COIT.

TEAS! TEAS!! TEAS!!!
NEW YORK CANTON TEA COMPANY'S AGENCY,
No. 1, Perry Block, State St., Erie, Pa.

熙眼真
珠生正

T. W. MOORE,

WOULD respectfully invite the attention of the Tea-drinking inhabitants of this city and vicinity to the *Canton Tea Company's Superior Teas*—subject in all cases to be returned if not approved of. Among which may be found:

GREENS.

Good YOUNG HYSON,	$0 50	per lb.
Fine do	63	"
No. 2 Fragrant do	75	"
No 3 very Fine do	1 00	"
Good HYSON,	75	"
Very Fine do	1 00	"
Good HYSON SKIN,	50	"
Good IMPERIAL,	75	"
Very Fine do	1 00	"
Extra Fine do	1 25	"
Good GUNPOWDER,	75	"
Fine do	1 25	"

BLACKS.

No 1 SOUCHONG,	$0 50	per lb.
No 2 do	63	"
Finest do	75	"
Fragrant POWCHONG,	various prices,	
CONGO,	various prices,	
Fine OOLONG,	50	"
Very Fine do	75	"
Extra Fine do	1 00	"
NINGYONG,	various prices.	
HOWQUA, or finest Black Tea imported,	1 00	"

☞ TAKE NOTICE '—The Canton Tea Company are the *exclusive venders of the superior* Black Tea called "HOWQUA'S MIXTURE."

Every package, (in addition to its containing full weight independent of the wrapper,) bears the stamp of nuttness and elegance, and the Teas therein are so thoroughly secured from light and air, that their quality and power will remain unimpaired in any climate. For sale at No 1, Perry Block.

ARRIVAL OF SPLENDID GOODS
At the Watch, Clock, and Jewelry Store of
G. LOOMIS & Co.

HAVING made large additions to our former stock by recent purchases in New York, and extended our business for the manufacture and sale of work in our line, we shall in a few days be prepared to accommodate the public with a good assortment which, for quantity, quality and cheapness, has never been excelled, if equalled, in this city.

The stock comprises clocks, watches, Jewelry, lamps, girandoles, looking glasses plated and britannia ware, Bohemian ware, musical instruments, gold pens, fine cutlery, Steel Work, together with numerous fashionable articles, suitable for the Summer and Fall trade. Particulars hereafter, when at least a *look* will be expected at the goods.

N. B. All kinds of clocks, watches and Jewelry repaired in the best manner by experienced workmen. Also, seal and other engraving done on short notice.

State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, and one door below Spafford's Bookstore. Erie, July 1, 1848.

WINES & LIQUORS,
JUST received at No. 1, Perry Block by
June 30, 1848. T. W. MOORE.

JUST RECEIVED
AT MRS. ROOP'S Millinery Establishment, a new assortment of Bonnets, Ribbons, Artificials, &c. which the ladies are invited to examine. May 12, 1848

BONNET RIBBONS of the latest styles from 16cts to 25cts per yard, at TIBBALS & DEWEY'S

RUTLAND BRAID, "Gipsy," Bird, Dunstable, Open Straw Jenny Lind, China Pearl, Rough & Ready, Mixed Straw English, French and Gimp Bonnets, of the latest styles, for sale reduced prices, at TIBBALS & DEWEY'S

FRENCH English and American Prints, Spring styles, Fancy Lines from 4 to 12½ cents per yard, the highest prices at
June 9 1848. TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.

Mrs. Purdy's Confectionary, No. 9, Reed House Row.
MRS. PURDY would respectfully inform the public that she has taken the well know stand in the Reed House Row, recently occupied by M. W. Keith, where she has now and purposes keeping *constantly on hand, a large variety of*
CONFECTIONARIES.
of her own manufacture, and sold wholesale and retail, with different kinds of REFRESHMENTS, such as Cakes, Pies, Bread and Butter Pickled Eggs, Cold Fowls, Boiled ham, Pork and Beans, Hot Coffee, Tea and Water, Ice Cream, &c., &c., all of which will be served up in the best and most palatable style. She has just received a fine assortment of TOYS, to which she invites attention.

Mrs. P. has fitted up a room, up stairs, expressly for the accommodation of Ladies who may wish to eat Ice Cream. She is determined not to be surpassed by any similar establishment west of Buffalo, and will endeavor to afford universal satisfaction. She indulges the hope that the same liberal patronage which was extended to her predecessor will be continued to her.
Erie, May 19, 1848.

SUB-SOIL PLOW.—Farmers are invited to examine a new yl in vented Plow which obviates the necessity of "cross-plowing" sut made and offered for sale at the Erie Steam Foundry, by
May 9, 1848. LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.

HOUSE TRIMMINGS.—A good assortment of all kinds of Locks, and House Trimmings to be had unusually cheap, of
June 10. C. B. WRIGHT

Shawls! Shawls!
SILK, crumed Cashmere, Thibet and Mouse de Lane Shawls just received by (May 17.) TIBBALS & DEWEY.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—A large assortment of Guitars, Accordeons, Violins, Flutes, Flageolets, Clarionets, Drums and Fifes. Guitar, Violin, and Bass Viol Strings, Pegs, &c.
July 15, 1848. G. LOOMIS & Co., State street.

SHINGLES.—A good article kept constantly on hand on the corner, by C. B. Wright,
July 14, 1848.

Country Merchants,
SUPPLIED with Dr. Jayne's Medicines and the India Cholagogue at wholesale prices, by the agents.
July 14, 1848. BURTON & PERKINS.

LOAF SUGAR on commission at A. King's ware house.
May 19 RUST & KELSEY.

Harborcrook Woollen Factory.
THE proprietors of this establishment, having made considerable additions to their machinery which is all *new and of the best kind*, and having experienced workmen in all the different branches of their business, are ready to exchange cloth for wool, or manufacture for pay, by the yard, on reasonable terms. They have on hand a large quantity of different kinds of cloth, flannels, blankets, shawls, cassimeres, and tweeds, as well as light summer wear of different bodies and qualities, to exchange for wool. We give one yard of cloth for 2½ pounds of wool, as goodas the wool will make.
Carding and Cloth-Dressing done as usual.
All kinds of produce taken for pay, and a liberal discount Cash.
P S—We are preparing to make Broadcloth.
Harborcreek, May 1848 HUGHES, CASS & Co. *Formerly Thornton & Co*

LOOKING GLASSES.—Just opening, a splendid lot of Gilt and Mahogany Frames of various sizes and prices, all warranted to improve the looks, by G. LOOMIS & Co.,
Erie, July 14, 1848. State street.

SPECTACLES of Gold, Silver, *and German Silver Frames*, an extensive assortment of concave and convex. Also, the celebrated Perifocal Spectacle, superior to any in use.
July 14, 1848. G. LOOMIS & Co., State street.

GOLD AND SILVER ARTICLES.—An extensive variety of Breast-Pins, Bracelets, Rings, Lockets, Chains, Pencils &c., of the latest styles. Also, Mammoth and other Gold Pens of the *different makers*, Silver Pencils, Brooches, and Head Ornaments: In short, the public will find more things than the Printers tell for, as it's not intended to over-rate the stock; still we would add that Microscopes, for magnifying *small* objects, can be found as usual at G. LOOMIS & Co.'s.
July 14, 1848. State st., nearly opposite Eagle Hotel

A Book for the Times.
KINGS and Queens, or life in the Palace, consisting of Historical sketches of Louis Philip, Nicholas, Leopold, Isabella II, Victoria, &c. June 28. SPAFFORD'S

TIME IN GREAT VARIETY.—Clocks of different kinds, including Kirk's Marine Clock, a late invention. Also, Gold and Silver Watches, a fine assortment to select a good time-keeper from, for sale very low, at G. LOOMIS & Co.'s,
July 14, 1848. State street.

SILVER WARE.—Table, Dessert, Tea, Salt and Mustard Spoons, Tongs, Ladles, Forks, Butter and Fruit Knives always on hand or manufactured to order. Silver warranted equal to coin, and no charge for engraving, G. LOOMIS & Co.
July 14, 1848. nearly opposite the Eagle.

JUST received and for sale low,
500 lbs. Horse Shoes,
300 lbs. " " Nails,
at the Hardware Store of H. CADWELL.
July 14, 1848.

RAKES.—25 doz. Rakes for sale at the manufacturer's prices, by C. B. WRIGHT.

MORE LIGHT.—New style Solar Lamps, Camphene and Lard Suspending and Side Lamps, Girandoles, Plated, Branch, and other Candlesticks, at G. LOOMIS & Co's,
Erie, July 14, 1848. nearly opposite the Eagle.

FRESH FRUITS
PINE Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Figs, Raisins, Currants &c., for sale at No. 4, Perry Block by
June 30, 1848. T. W. MOORE.

WHITE FISH AND TROUT.
59 BBLS. White Fish and Mackinac Trout, just received by the Steamer Louisiana. For sale at *No. 1*, Perry Block, by
Erie, May 12, 1848. T. W MOORE.

New Spring and Summer Goods.
WE are now receiving a full assortment of seasonable Goods, which have all been purchased within 20 days, and at prices 20 per cent lower than goods purchased in April. This difference we are willing to give to our customers. We can and will sell goods of any and of all kinds cheaper than our neighbors how purchased early TIBBALS & DEWEY,
Erie June 5, 1848. 11, 1Cheapside.

FAMILY GROCERIES.
JUST received a fresh supply of Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses Spice, Pepper, Starch, etc., etc., for sale very low by
June 10, 1848. ALLYN & COIT.

KID and Seal Slippers and Walking Shoes, Men's Gaiters and Slippers at the old Jew Store, French street. M. KOCH.
April 13, 1848. 1

Lumber Wanted
I WILL pay CASH for 500,000 feet of Hemlock L